

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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THE CORNELL CREW.

THE VICTORS OF THE SECOND INTER-COLLEGIATE REGATTA AT SARATOGA LAKE, JULY 14TH.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY D. O. BARKER, OF NEW HAVEN.—SEE PAGE 367.



FRANK LESLIE'S  
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.  
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NEW YORK, JULY 31, 1875.

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FRANK LESLIE, 537 Pearl St., N. Y.

A finely engraved tableau illustrating a passage from the new story by Jane G. Austin, entitled "Gibbet Point," forms the front picture of FRANK LESLIE'S CHIMNEY CORNER, No. 531, this week. This story promises to excel any of the previous brilliant efforts of this able writer. Isabella Valancy Crawford's "Hate" loses none of its interest, and the skill of the writer in depicting the characteristics, eccentricities and peculiar vocabulary of the lower classes has not been equaled since Dickens dropped his pen. "An Alsacian's Story," "The Last Appeal," a Sea Story by Roger Starbuck, "The Man with One Ear," by Annie Henries, "Story of an English Mourning Coach," by Lieutenant C. R. Low, and "The Phantom Train," by Walter Edgar McCann, are interesting stories. Romances and Sketches each spiritedly illustrated and complete in this number. "The Romance of a Poor Young Girl," by Charles Gayler, and "Florello," by Frank Mercer, are continued. Under "Self-made Men of our Times" a splendid portrait and interesting sketch of Franklin Woodruff, of the firm of Woodruff & Robinson, Brooklyn, N. Y., is given. A full-page engraving, Hippopotami in the Jardin des Plantes, Paris, gives an interesting study of these strange animals. The departments—"Traces of Travel," "Chats with our Young Friends," "Family Pastimes," and "Items for Ladies"—are full of interesting brio-a-bac. The last page, devoted to light reading and pictorial representations of the foibles of the day, has some capital hits. The CHIMNEY CORNER is for sale on news-stands. Will be sent to any address, post paid, one copy for ten cents; three months for \$1; or one year for \$4. Address, Frank Leslie, 537 Pearl Street, New York.

#### "THE MONEY POWER."

THE HON. WILLIAM D. KELLEY, a Republican Member of Congress from one of the Philadelphia districts, has made a long journey, in hot weather, for the sake of stirring up the unemployed workmen of Ohio against the "money power," by which he seems to mean almost everybody in the community who is not up to his ears in debt. According to Mr. Kelley, unless something is done to make the insolvent debtors and played-out speculators and the general mass of the thriftless as well off as the property-holders, "Labor will take Capital by the throat, and the scenes of the French Revolution will be re-enacted." Now, what were the scenes of the French Revolution which Mr. Kelley suggests to the unemployed laborers of Youngstown, Ohio, as proper subjects for contemplation? To answer in the fewest possible words—wholesale bankruptcy by means of paper money, wholesale confiscation of landed property, and a general slaughter of all persons of prominence, male or female, who might be obnoxious to those whom the universal anarchy from time to time brought to the surface as leaders. Such are the scenes which Mr. Kelley predicts for this country unless the "money power" is overthrown by setting in operation his system of rag money.

It is admitted by all candid historians that the French people had endured serious provocations, having for several generations been oppressed by a cruel despotism, and impoverished by war and bad government. In this country there have been no such aggravations. The people have not been reduced to a state of miserable servitude, and no privileged classes have been permitted to deprive American citizens of life, liberty or property at their pleasure. There has been some misgovernment, though not of that kind under which the oppressed masses of France groaned four generations ago, and there have been shoals of rascals in office. For that, Mr. Kelley and his party are chiefly responsible. But for these evils, the people have the remedy in their own hands. They can change the Administration by their votes in a peaceable way, without guillotining the President and his wife, appropriating the houses and lands of Mr. Astor and the railway stocks of Commodore Vanderbilt,

and kicking the heads of these aristocrats into the gutter. This will seem a shocking picture to most of our readers, but it is simply what this demagogue Kelley predicts when he says, "Labor will take Capital by the throat, and the scenes of the French Revolution will be re-enacted."

In all countries that we ever heard of there have been not only rich and poor, but a great mass of persons coming between, who are neither rich nor destitute. The Almighty seems to have made the world on a plan which throws human beings into a great variety of circumstances and conditions. The only countries which appear at all to diverge from the common rule in these matters are savage regions, like Patagonia and the interior of Africa, where such universal poverty and privation is the rule that the difference is only between states of more or less misery. But even these uncivilized tribes are reported to have the idea of property clearly defined. To our apprehension, nine-tenths of all the malignant utterances of the Kelley stripe of demagogues against the "money power," the "bloated bondholders," the national banks, the "creditor class," the "Shylocks of the East," etc., come either from rank scoundrels, too cowardly to attempt open robbery on the highways, or from those who are at heart Communists and Socialists, and who, being destitute themselves of anything they can be said to really own, are willing to join with the French radicals in denouncing all property as robbery. Of all civilized nations the United States is precisely that nation where the average condition of the population is most comfortable, and the difference least between the extremes. Here we have the nearest approach to the Utopia of "liberty, equality, and fraternity." The two influences which of late years have had the most powerful effect here in making "the rich richer and the poor poorer" are the paper money and the protective tariff, of both which curses to labor this self-same Kelley has been a noisy supporter. And now we find him hanging about the idle furnaces and mortgaged premises of those whom his tariff and his rag money have victimized, predicting that "Labor will take Capital by the throat, and the scenes of the French Revolution will be re-enacted!" Out upon such brazen impudence!

"But these are hard times," after all, we think we hear some reader sorrowfully exclaim. Friend, we know the times are hard, but this country, England, and France have suffered from just such hard times upon at least half a dozen occasions in the course of this century. The times were just as hard, and lasted quite as long, after 1837 and after the termination of the last war with England. It would take a volume to contain a full explanation of the many different occurrences which have contributed to the present dullness of trade. Everybody knows that excessive exertion of all kinds is followed by a reaction. Everybody knows that during the war we exerted ourselves enormously, and that since the war we have carried speculation to excess. And yet, almost everybody seems to find in the currency the cause and cure of all our evils. Nothing can be more absurd. A slight contraction of the currency, like that effected by Secretary McCulloch, unless it is made under a most exceptional state of the finances, such only as exists at the outbreak of a panic, will no more cause distress to a nation than the loss of a single meal will prostrate a strong and hearty man. A man who is known to be honest and to be solvent will never experience any difficulty in getting anything that he wants without paying down cash for it. Panics and scarcity of money are invariably the consequences of misconduct in business, waste of material resources, scarcity of capital, exclusive of, and apart from, scarcity of money, and abuses of credit and confidence. Such were the causes of the panic of 1873. Scarcely a firm suspended in that panic, or since, that was not in truth hopelessly insolvent, having wasted not only its own capital, but, in many cases, millions belonging to other people. Where such a state of things exists, no increase in the quantity of money will remedy the difficulty any more than a bountiful harvest will put paupers, whose only means of prolonging existence is furnished by the doles of charity, into Fifth Avenue palaces. Prudence, intelligence, energy, and sometimes good luck, are the qualities which make honest men rich; and few men who possess them will be found howling for inflation, or listening with ears erect to the braying of an ass like Kelley.

#### THE COLLEGE REGATTA— CORNELL VICTORIOUS.

AT last the annual boating contest has come off; and Cornell, the youngest of our Universities, has been declared the winner. Never before on this continent did a boat-race so command public attention. For weeks ahead, it was the principal topic of conversation; and in betting circles large sums were staked on the result. When the day arrived expectation stood on tiptoe, and business was partially suspended. As was expected, Saratoga had become the centre of unusual attraction. The hotels were crowded; the boarding-houses, larger and smaller, were literally besieged with applicants; and every available sleeping-place was turned to account. Never perhaps was the neighborhood of the Springs so gay. It presented many of the aspects of

Rome during the carnival season. The scene at the lake was brilliant and fascinating in the extreme. All

"The crowded shore with exclamations all,  
Part to behold and part to prove their skill."

It recalled the memory of the Arabian Nights. It seemed the realization of some glorious dream. Youth and beauty, the luxuries of wealth, the graces and refinements of culture, the elegant devices of fashion—all were there; and on the burnished waters of the lake below, there were exhibited specimens of well-developed manhood, as noble as ever in ancient Elis contended for the prize.

The contest proved worthy of the interest which it had created, worthy of the distinguished crowd which had assembled to witness it; and it reflected the highest credit on the contestants themselves, alike on those who failed and on those who won the prize. Harvard and Yale and Columbia, and others of the older Universities, did their best; but, as we hinted in these columns last week, pluck and muscle were found where they were less expected; and no amount of skill or effort could wrest the honors from the well-trained, well-practiced, spirited young oarsmen of Cayuga Lake. The triumph of Cornell on Wednesday was rendered all the more conspicuous by the success of her Freshmen the day before. But a few years ago, the name of Cornell was unknown among our seats of learning. The place where it stands was part of the primitive wilderness; and at a period not yet far removed from us it was still the headquarters and home of the dominant Iroquois. Last year Cornell was not free from that rawness which is naturally enough supposed to be inseparable from youth and inexperience; and although she did so well as to make not a few warm friends, she gave no evidence sufficient to justify the hope that she would this year distance all her competitors. To be defeated by so young and raw a rival must have been somewhat humiliating to the pride of the older colleges, such as Harvard and Yale and Columbia and Brown and Princeton; but they all did so well, and so nearly approached their possible best, that but small occasion is left for regret or complaint. It was a brave and spirited contest; and the race by universal consent was fairly won. Cornell University has good cause to be proud of its laurels; and its success on this occasion has justified the generous self-sacrifice and noble, patriotic ambition of its founder.

Of course New York has abundant reason to be satisfied. Last year Columbia carried off the honors. This year Columbia, although compelled to yield to her young rival in the State, came in a good second. The success of last year, and the double success of this year, show that the youth of the Empire State are not wanting either in muscle or spirit. In the circumstances the indulgence of a little local pride or vanity is not only excusable, but justifiable. It is this which gives to the annual contest its widespread interest. The race is won not by the young men themselves, but by every alumnus of each of the Universities, and by every citizen of every State of which the Universities are regarded as representative. It is unwise, however, to crow too loudly for the winner this year may be the loser the next. It is a little absurd, too, to attribute the superiority of Cornell and Columbia, as one learned ethnological pundit has done, to some inherent virtue of the soil and air. Such language is simply ridiculous. The success of this year, like the success of last year, admits of much more simple explanation. The best men in the best condition won the race. The Cornell men were well selected; but their almost faultless condition was due as much to perfect training, and to persevering and diligent practice, as to any natural superiority of the men themselves. The race, it is true, is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong; but the exception only proves the rule; and the result of this latest boating contest will but encourage the custom of selecting the fittest, and by training and practice, and minute attention to all details, putting them in the fittest condition to win. Failure may attend the very best and most careful efforts both before and during the contest. Still, the lesson is always the same. No amount of success will ever justify carelessness or neglect; and the presumption will ever remain that the best men, having the best science, with the best boat, and making the best effort, will win. The ages and respective weights of the Cornell crew, their positions in the boat, the character of the boat itself—all should be inquired into and made the subjects of study by each of the defeated crews, and by every intending contestant for future honors. By this means, and by this means only, will the highest form of possible excellence be attained. While, therefore, New York State has reason to rejoice and indulge a little local vanity because of the success of Cornell, and because of the noble effort made once more by Columbia, the other sections have no reason to be downcast. We cannot all win at once; but we can all strive for the mastery. The lesson is theirs, as it is ours. Those who learn it best are most likely to win the prize.

But little remains to be said regarding this and other outdoor sports, after what we have said already. We regard them as a healthful sign of the times. They are deserving of all encouragement. Giving, as they do, health

to the body, and, through the body, vigor to the mind, they cannot be too warmly recommended. Out of such peaceful rivalry come forth all noble qualities, as well as the higher forms of friendship. The evening after the races at Saratoga was a fitting sequel to the contest which had preceded. The battle had been fought and won. No one was the worse for it. On the contrary, all were the better. Heart went out to heart, and the hands of the rival oarsmen were clasped in a friendship which had in it nothing hollow. The voluntary honors paid to victorious Cornell by the students of the less fortunate colleges furnished a beautiful illustration of true manliness. There was no retiring jealousy because of defeat; there was no haughty pride because of victory. The tribute paid by the vanquished to the victors was a triumph to all. It honored even more those who gave than those who received.

#### A SOCIAL REVIVAL.

IN former times, a season of depression in business was always followed by a religious revival. It invariably happened that when men found this world's goods slipping from their fingers, they began to confess the transitoriness of all things human. When thieves broke through and stole the savings of years, or the moth of distrust wasted the value of their accumulations, they sought to lay up "treasure in heaven." Probably the preachers are right when they say that panics and a financial crash are sent for just this purpose. Whether it be true or not, they always put in the sickle at such times, and find the harvest ripe. Churches are filled, religious interest increases, and out of a cloud of human disasters the sunshine of spiritual peace is evoked. But there are exceptions to all rules, and the panic of 1873, with the business depression which has existed ever since, seems to mark a case where no religious results have followed. In fact, the season has proved particularly barren in this country. Over on the other side of the Atlantic, the American evangelists, Moody and Sankey, have been fortunate in calling attention to themselves and their message. They have awakened the consciences of cottager and nobleman alike, and have succeeded in bringing down upon themselves the sharp criticism of an influential portion of the Press. America, however, has continued obdurate. Not even the eloquent persuasions of Henry Varley have been able to waken more than a passing interest, though he drew throngs to the Hippodrome, and was widely advertised in the newspapers and the pulpits.

What is the reason that events took such an exceptional turn in the United States? There must be some potent cause, since we are notoriously an emotional people, in spite of our eager pursuit of business. It is not possible that the space of nearly two years which has intervened since the financial crash came has been without its development in some way affecting our national character.

It will be found on examination that our people have undergone a change quite as revolutionary as that caused by a religious revival, and an experience that will stand them in quite as good stead in the future. The same forces as of old have been at work, only they have exerted themselves in a different channel. Instead of a religious revival, with its spiritual exaltation, a strong, deeply marked social revolution has been at work, whose good effect will manifest itself in a higher tone in the family, in society, and in the State. It came because it was needed, and caught the public attention because the minds of men had been unbinged by the panic. Being not unconnected with the pulpit, it naturally took the place of the religious agitation which usually follows such a crisis.

It is safe to say that had there been no era of clerical scandal at this time, there would have been a religious revival. A series of sad stories relating to pastors and their charges culminated in one wretched tale of huge dimensions, whose shadow extended to every corner of the land. Under such a condition of things it was impossible to create the zeal of the pietist. There was a widely prevalent feeling from the first that the matter evidenced the need of a social revival rather than religious fervor, and that this was the best time to create the demand for a reformation that should reach throughout society, carrying both clergymen and their people with it. Society had been too long at the mercy of experimenters. The crusade of free love, or, rather, unbridled license, had reached even to the church-doors, and was knocking for admission to the sanctuary. It was feared that even those hallowed premises were invaded by the fanatics of the new gospel of lust, for a certain mawkish mode of expression had made itself manifest in the pulpit, to the peril of pure doctrine. Hence thoughtful men were not sorry when they found that a trial, which threatened to scandalize Christendom, would be likely to result in an overthrow of the conspiracy against purity, and in establishing the supremacy of the family and the home. False ideas of society have been ventilated during the last six months as never before, and have been held up to the light to show that they are the merest drivell and insanity. No doubt, this has been done at a terrible cost; but the price, great as it is, will be repaid in the increased sanctities which for the future will surround our social organization.



There is peril in forgetting at any time, even for a moment, that the home is supreme. It is even older than the Church. Its establishment is coeval with the creation of the human race, and antedates the first temptation and fall of man. Into the ancient and sacred circle of its sympathies there had crept a new-fangled and dangerous mode of thought and expression. It was dangerous to individual morals and to the religious status of the country, because it seemed to appeal wholly to sympathies and emotion. The stern, moral precepts of the fathers became old-fashioned in the light of this new, glib gospel of ease, and the result was seen in an increasing looseness of ideas relative to marriage, and a tendency to dally with foolish and perilous theories. It is possible that no real harm was done to the world, which unquestionably grows better and happier with each advancing year. But there was danger that, if the new notions of individual responsibility were widely extended, they would break up the ties of the family and destroy the foundations of home.

Certain it is that, after the breath of the wild whirlwind of scandal shall have died out of the land, there will be a return to the good old paths in which our fathers found safety and peace. Already we begin to experience a revival of the old-fashioned earnestness and straightforwardness in matters of morals. There may have been lacking in former generations something of the brilliancy of these latter days, but there was an honesty of life, a tenacity of purpose, and an ever-present self-respect which is well worthy of our imitation. There was a homespun piety, but it was masterful for good, and did a grand work in its day. If, through the dust and glare of our later experiences, we shall return to the commonplace virtues of our ancestors, the scandals of to-day may turn out to have been blessings in disguise. We have refined away, unconsciously, perhaps, the rugged honesty of act and word that once distinguished the American people, and now we can see just where the departure was made. There is safety in a return to the ancient paths.

The signs of the times are auspicious for such a reconstruction of society as shall bar out of our homes for many a long year to come the pestilential heresies which have threatened social disorganization. Hereafter he who shall dare place his hand upon the sacred ark of the family will be treated as a moral leper, no matter how seductive may be the sound of his words. This is the new era that has dawned upon us out of the storms of the past two years. It is well worth the price by which it was won. It is even better for society than a so-called "religious" revival.

#### AUDACIOUS BURGLARIES.

PERIODICALLY, it would seem, we are visited with what might be called an epidemic of crime. Now it is garroting; and the murderous practice spreads from town to town, from State to State, from country to country, with almost lightning-like rapidity. Now it is incendiarism; and the passion of malice or revenge finds a convenient outlet in the firing of our neighbor's barn or home or workshop. Or, again, it is midnight house-breaking; and, as was shown in the case of Mr. Shute, of Brooklyn, housebreaking means death to the inmates if to intruding ruffianism the slightest resistance is offered.

Within the last few days we have had evidence of a very marked and unmistakable kind that another epidemic of crime is upon us. Incendiarism, than which we can think of no more heinous crime against society at large, has not yet abated; and in too many instances private jealousy or revenge is gratified, while the ruffian remains undiscovered. It is not, however, to incendiarism, bad as it is, that we desire at present to call special attention. It is rather to a new and most audacious system of burglary, which, if not promptly checked, will spread terror over the community, and make every householder afraid to leave his home to attend to his daily business. At eleven o'clock in the forenoon of Monday, 12th instant, two men were seen standing on the sidewalk in front of a brown-stone house in West Eleventh Street. They knock at the basement-door, and are admitted. An aged lady of sixty-five is the only person in the mansion. On the representation that they are plumbers, sent by the city officials to inspect the water-pipes, they are allowed free access to the different chambers. Having admitted them, the old lady resumes her seat in the dining-room, when suddenly she is grasped by strong arms, dragged from the window, thrown to the floor, and gagged with a handkerchief. The house from top to bottom is ransacked, while the poor lady lies gagged and unconscious on the floor of her own dining-room. It was not until they had made themselves the possessors of a considerable amount of property and vainly threatened the poor woman's life in order to compel her to reveal the repository of her husband's bonds, that the so-called plumbers left the establishment. This, however, is no solitary case. On the following day, at about three in the afternoon, a similar outrage was committed in the house 4 Mangin Street. The house is occupied by Professor Van Slack and his wife. Mrs. Van Slack, who has for some time past been in poor health, happened to be in the house alone. A

man professing to be a sanitary inspector is freely admitted. He is polite and complimentary. He admires the little garden; has something pleasant to say about the pretty birds and fishes. Mrs. Van Slack has just resumed her place in the armchair when she is clutched by the throat, strangled and rendered unconscious. The ruffian, in spite of the resistance of a faithful little dog, who fought vigorously for his mistress, succeeded in tearing from the person of Mrs. Van Slack her pocket-book containing fifty dollars, her gold watch and spectacles. He escaped undetected. In neither of these cases have the burglars been discovered.

It is impossible to exaggerate the gravity of this state of things. It is fearful to think that in the heart of the crowded city, and in broad daylight, such things are possible. The aggravating circumstance in such cases is that the perpetrators of the outrage put but little risk of being discovered. They sin with comparative impunity. Nor is it easy to see what precautions should be taken. By unsuspecting people men will be admitted, if they come with a sufficiently plausible pretext, even if such outrages were much more frequent than they are. The police are not to be blamed in the matter, for they cannot be expected to suspect as a burglar every man who enters a private house in the guise of a mechanic or having the gentlemanly appearance of a sanitary inspector. It is a new and most alarming species of crime. How to put it down, it may be difficult to say; but put it down it must be. It is necessary, first of all, to detect. The police should make it their special business for some time to come to ferret out this class of criminals. Our detectives are not wanting in ingenuity; and we have no doubt that with sufficient determination and persistency, some of these midday burglars would soon be in the hands of justice. After detection should come punishment; and if this latest device of the burglarious classes is to be defeated—if this most audacious form of crime is to be stamped out, the punishment must be severe and exemplary. It is generally admitted that the judicious application of the cat-o'-nine-tails made a speedy end of garroting. There can be no doubt that the welfare of society renders it necessary that exceptionally severe measures should from time to time be adopted against the criminal classes. New forms of crime should be nipped in the bud. We are no advocates of brutality in the matter of punishing crime. It would not be difficult to show that undue severity has often in the treatment of criminals defeated its own end. It is undeniable, however, that in this matter there is too much of what the First Napoleon was in the habit of calling "mistaken humanity." If crime cannot be put down without severe punishment, then the severity of the punishment must be proportioned to the necessity of the case. We would strongly advise that an example be made of the first of these midday burglars who may happen to fall into the hands of the law. Let there be no "mistaken humanity." If the application of the whip should rid us of these scoundrels, and so relieve the community from a possible reign of terror, the end would most certainly justify the means.

#### GOLD QUOTATIONS FOR WEEK

ENDING JULY 17, 1875.

Monday.....115½ @ 115½	Thursday.....114½ @ 115
Tuesday.....115½ @ 115½	Friday.....115 @ 114½
Wednesday.....115½ @ 114½	Saturday.....114½ @ 114½

#### EDITORIAL NOTES.

AT WIMBLEDON, in the contest for the St. Leger sweepstakes, Major Fulton, of the American team, and Mr. Rigby, of the Irish team, have each made 35, the highest possible score.

A NEW RAINBOW might be prayed for in Europe. The disastrous floods in France, Hungary, and Switzerland can be duly appreciated now in England, where thousands of acres between the Frome and the Severn are under water. In other parts of England, and in Wales, much damage has been done by storms.

AN ADMIRABLE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE has been provided for the American negro by Frederick Douglass, in the speech in which that eloquent orator and true friend of his race insists upon it that henceforth his colored brothers shall no longer lean upon Government, the carpet-bagger, or the "Christian statesmen," who receive deposits.

A TRUE BILL.—"When we are asked to meet the arguments of Mr. W. D. Kelley," remarks the Cincinnati Commercial (Ind.) "we have only to say that Mr. W. D. K. does not present any arguments. He assumes certain perversities to be axioms, and then invites the people who have nothing to cut the throats of those who have something. If his argument were answered in kind, he would be hanged to a lamp-post."

THE NAIL IS IN ON THE HEAD by the Memphis Avalanche (Dem.) when it says: "The labor of the country cannot be relieved nor benefited by the issuance of more paper money. The absorbing power of the present machinery of government will suck up the earnings of labor, no matter how great they may be, and increasing the volume of paper money will simply add to the sucking capacity of the machinery."

ADMIRAL ROUS, well-known in sporting circles as the king of the turf, has written a letter to the London Times in justification of cock-fighting. The passion for this brutal sport needs no such justification. The London Spectator is very severe on the old

"salt." It tears his argument to tatters. All that the admiral advances in favor of a "main" might, with equal propriety, be advanced in favor of bull-fighting, dog-fighting and the prize-ring. Muscular Christianity can surely be developed without such examples and assistance as the admiral recommends.

THE STATE CONVENTION of the Wisconsin Democrats and Liberals is to be held on September 5th. An entirely new partisan call has been issued, and the purpose is to nominate a ticket which will be popular enough to defeat the Republican ticket headed by ex-Senator Carpenter's man, Harrison Ludington. It has been sensibly suggested that in making up a platform the Wisconsin Democrats and Liberals cannot do better than to borrow a few planks from the Minnesota Democrats, notably those on the issues settled by the Constitutional amendments on the currency.

"PERSONAL REASONS," numerous and strong enough, might be found by Secretary Delano in the damaging arraignment of that official by Professor Marsh, to induce the former to reconsider and change his intention, as intimated by the following "authorized" announcement, which appeared in the Washington Chronicle on the very morning when the arraignment against him was published in the New York Tribune: "There will be no change in the head of the Interior Department unless the present Secretary, for personal reasons, should voluntarily choose to resign, of which he has now no intention, until the retirement of the present Administration."

THE EXTRAORDINARY LETTER OF MR. CHARLES O'CONNOR to Judge Noah Davis, indorsing the action of the latter in piling on the penalties for each distinct misdemeanor in the charges of which Tweed was convicted, and virtually arraigning the Court of Appeals for its recent decision in the case of Tweed, has created a sensation which extends widely beyond legal circles. The whole community is directly and deeply interested in the issues of this case. It has as much confidence in the purity of Mr. O'Connor's motives, and in the disinterestedness with which he was relentlessly against public plunderers, as it has admiration for his erudition and genius. But it is manifestly bewildered by this latest production of his powerful and caustic pen. The diversity of opinions provoked by it is indicated by the newspapers, some of which denounce the letter as a flagrant and alarming instance of "contempt of court," while others applaud it as entitling its eminent author to unanimous nomination and election as President of the United States.

THE WINNERS AT SARATOGA.—Ostrom, the stroke and captain of the winning boat is from Randolph, N. Y. Originally a carpenter, he left his trade to study civil engineering, entering the class of 1876. As a scholar his standing is fair. King is likewise a New Yorker, from Malone, and also a carpenter by trade. His first experience at boating was in 1873, when he pulled as "stroke oar." He really graduated a year ago, and has been a "resident graduate" at the college since. Barto is a son of General Barto, of Tackville, N. Y. Last year he was the commodore, pulled bow oar in the Watkins Regatta, and was victorious. Though fond of boating, yet he has hitherto been more prominent in other athletic sports than in that. Waterman, the "bow" is a Sophomore. He is from Cumberland, R. I., and is pursuing a course of mathematical engineering. Gillis, from Kinsman, O., pulled for the first time in the recent race as one of a University crew. His appearance does not at first indicate anything unusually promising in the boating line; but the result of the race has fully justified the choice of him by Ostrom, the captain. Jarvis, from Canandaigua, N. Y., was at first put in the Freshman crew. At first, a weakness of his back prevented him from doing much execution. Gradually, however, he overcame this defect, and even before the race was acknowledged to be one of the best "waist oars" on the course. He also is pursuing a scientific course of study.

"MORE LAST WORDS."—Our special Saratoga correspondent adds, by way of postscript to his interesting letter, the fact "that at the conclusion of the first part of the order of dancing at the ball at Congress Hall, the annual winners' banners of the Intercollegiate Association, and also the silver cups given by the Saratoga Rowing Association, were presented to the successful contestants. The speech of presentation was neatly and happily made by Hon. Stephen W. Kellogg, of Connecticut. The banners presented were United States flags, with the names of the winning crews in gilt letters. The silver cups, given to each member of the winning University and Freshman crews, and to Kennedy, the victor in the single-scutt race, were of tasteful design and workmanship." Our correspondent also says, "that the Union would have come in better time had not the Press boat run into her shell, hitting her oars, and compelling her to lose fully six strokes, and throwing two inches of water into her boat; and that at the end of the first mile Brown was ahead of Columbia, and third in the race, when their 'stretcher' broke, thus causing them to lose the services of one man, who, thereafter, was a dead-weight. Unless this mishap had occurred, Brown would have come in fourth, at least."

GAMBETTA AND CASSAGNAC.—M. Granier de Cassagnac is a fire-eating Bonapartist. Gambetta has made himself the recognized force in French republicanism. He is not, perhaps, the ablest man in the Republican ranks, but he is the strongest; and certainly he is the only man who has shown himself able to hold the extremists in check. The hope of the Republic centres in him more than in any Frenchman of the day. To the Republican cause his life is most undoubtedly very precious. It would be a gain to the Bonapartists to have him put out of the way. Although we cannot for a moment entertain the thought that the Bonapartists, as a party, would seek to rid themselves of his opposition by foul or dishonorable means, it has to be admitted that M. Granier de Cassagnac would be quite willing to be the instrument of putting the great Tribune out of the way. Gambetta was

right in declining the challenge of Cassagnac. He does owe too much to himself, to France, and to the Republic, to yield himself up to the first man who chooses to make of him a victim. There is sometimes more true heroism displayed in declining than in accepting such challenges. A man who can act as Gambetta did in this matter has purpose in his life as well as force in his character. The time is close at hand when France will need him, and when it may require more than Gambetta's skill and strength to save the Republic.

AN IMPORTANT PATENT CASE DECIDED.—The interference case of Norman Ward vs. John L. Lay, in regard to priority of invention, has been decided in favor of Mr. Lay, inventor of the "Electric Traveling Torpedo," which was the subject-matter in dispute. The Commissioner of Patents has officially announced the decision of the Examiner of Interferences, thus securing the claims of Mr. Lay to be the true inventor of one of the most novel, valuable and destructive engines of modern warfare. Mr. Lay invented and constructed the torpedo with which Lieutenant Cushing destroyed the rebel ram *Albatross*; also the traveling torpedo tested at Newport, R. I., in 1873, for the U. S. Navy Department. He has contracts with the Khédive of Egypt and with the Turkish Admiralty to furnish his torpedoes for the defensive armament of the ports, coast defenses and vessels-of-war of Egypt and of Turkey. The Electric Traveling Torpedo consists of an iron vessel carrying a charge of explosive material, and is propelled by an engine driven by liquid carbonic acid gas, and steered and discharged by electricity at will. It will run a distance of two miles at the rate of 12 miles an hour, and it can be made of sufficient power to destroy the largest ironclad, almost instantly, by using nitro-glycerine, fulminate of mercury, or giant powder. Mr. Lay has one of his perfected torpedoes now ready for shipment to Europe, and another that has been ordered by the Secretary of the U. S. Navy, Hon. Geo. M. Robeson. This decision in favor of Mr. Lay has given great satisfaction to the ordnance departments of the army and navy.

THE FLOODS IN FRANCE.—The unfortunate disaster in the South of France has been quite as serious as was at first reported. The floods have devastated a wide extent of territory, spreading ruin and desolation among a crowded, industrious and well-to-do population. The waters have subsided, and already it is calculated that the loss of property cannot be less than eight hundred thousand dollars. The loss of life, too, has been great. When it is remembered that the valley of the Garonne is one of the most densely peopled districts in France, that it is dotted all over with townships and cities, some of which are older than the days of the Romans, and that almost every inch of territory is under cultivation, it is not unreasonable to conclude that the most extravagant estimates yet made of the extent of the devastation fall short of the truth. The Garonne is fed by numerous tributaries, all of which were so swollen as to carry desolation along their path. All along the banks of these tributaries, as well as on the banks of the principal river, the floods have done their dreadful work. Farm-houses with their live stock have been swept away, villages have disappeared, and in some of the large towns in the main valley the destruction of property has been fearful. George Eliot has given us a harrowing picture of a flood, in her incomparable, tragic story, "The Mill on the Floss," but the apparently extravagant picture of the novelist is left far behind by the actual occurrence in France. For extent and severity no such flood has been witnessed in modern times. It was a genuine deluge. Our sympathy for the unfortunate sufferers must not be allowed to dry up. If ever a visitation of Providence called for wide spread and active charity this flood in France does. It was brought about not by any fault, or oversight of man. It was an event unforeseen and uncalculable. We do hope that the American people will prove themselves equal to the occasion, and that the call for charity will be warmly responded to. It is a misfortune in the truest sense.

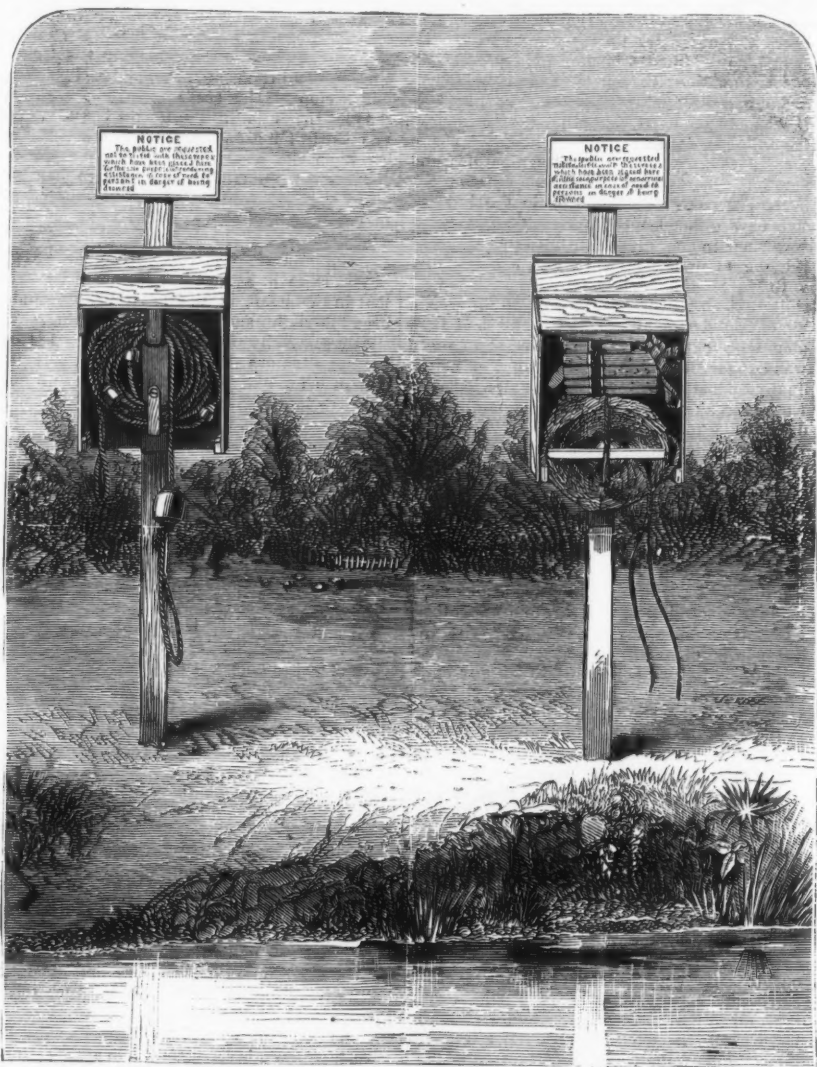
THE TWELFTH OF JULY AND THE ORANGEMEN.—Monday, the 12th, was, as usual, made a holiday by our Irish fellow-citizens who delight to celebrate the battle of the Boyne and the victory of King William of glorious memory. It was gratifying to see that the Orangemen bent on preserving the peace, as well as on enjoying his holiday, abandoned the old practice of marching in procession through crowded New York and adopted the more sensible course of having a picnic to the country. Everywhere, so far as reported, the picnics proved a great success; and it is evident that they were conducted with great and praiseworthy propriety. Generally they were allowed to go and come unmolested. In New York and neighborhood no mishap occurred. Lawrence, Mass., proved an exception to the general rule. The picnickers there, as elsewhere, had gone quietly about their business. Having spent a peaceful and pleasant day, they were on their way home; a party of eleven Orangemen, with their wives and children, disembarked from the steamer at Water Street; a large crowd, consisting of several hundreds of Irish Catholics, received them with shouting and jeers; when in front of the Pacific Mills, stones were thrown, and one of the ladies was badly hurt. The Mayor, with a squad of police, came to the rescue. Showers of stones and bricks descended on the police and on the helpless Orangemen. With the single exception of the Mayor, every one of the party was hurt. In pure self-defense, the police drew their revolvers and fired into the mob, who by this time were crying, "Kill the damned Orangemen." The firing had the desired effect of dispersing the mob, but not before some were seriously injured. But for the courage of the Mayor, the riot, which lasted three and a half hours, might have been much more serious. It was a shameful business; and it is earnestly to be hoped that a proper example will be made of some of the ringleaders. The Orangemen have a right to be sustained, and all the more so that this year they studiously avoided giving any public offense.



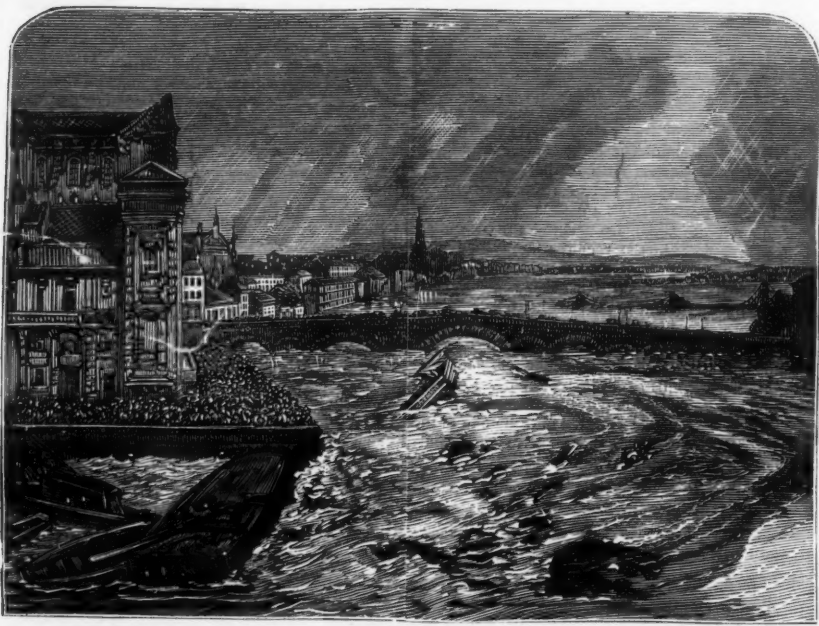
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 363.



FRANCE.—VILLAGE FAIR AND FESTIVAL IN THE CHAMPS ÉLYSÉES, FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE SOCIÉTÉ DE CHARITÉ MATERNELLE.



ENGLAND.—LIFE-PRESERVING APPARATUS FOR THE PROTECTION OF BATHERS.



FRANCE.—THE FLOODS.—GENERAL ASPECT OF TOULOUSE WHEN THE GARONNE WAS AT ITS GREATEST HEIGHT.



FRANCE.—THE FLOODS.—SCENE IN A SUBURB OF TOULOUSE.

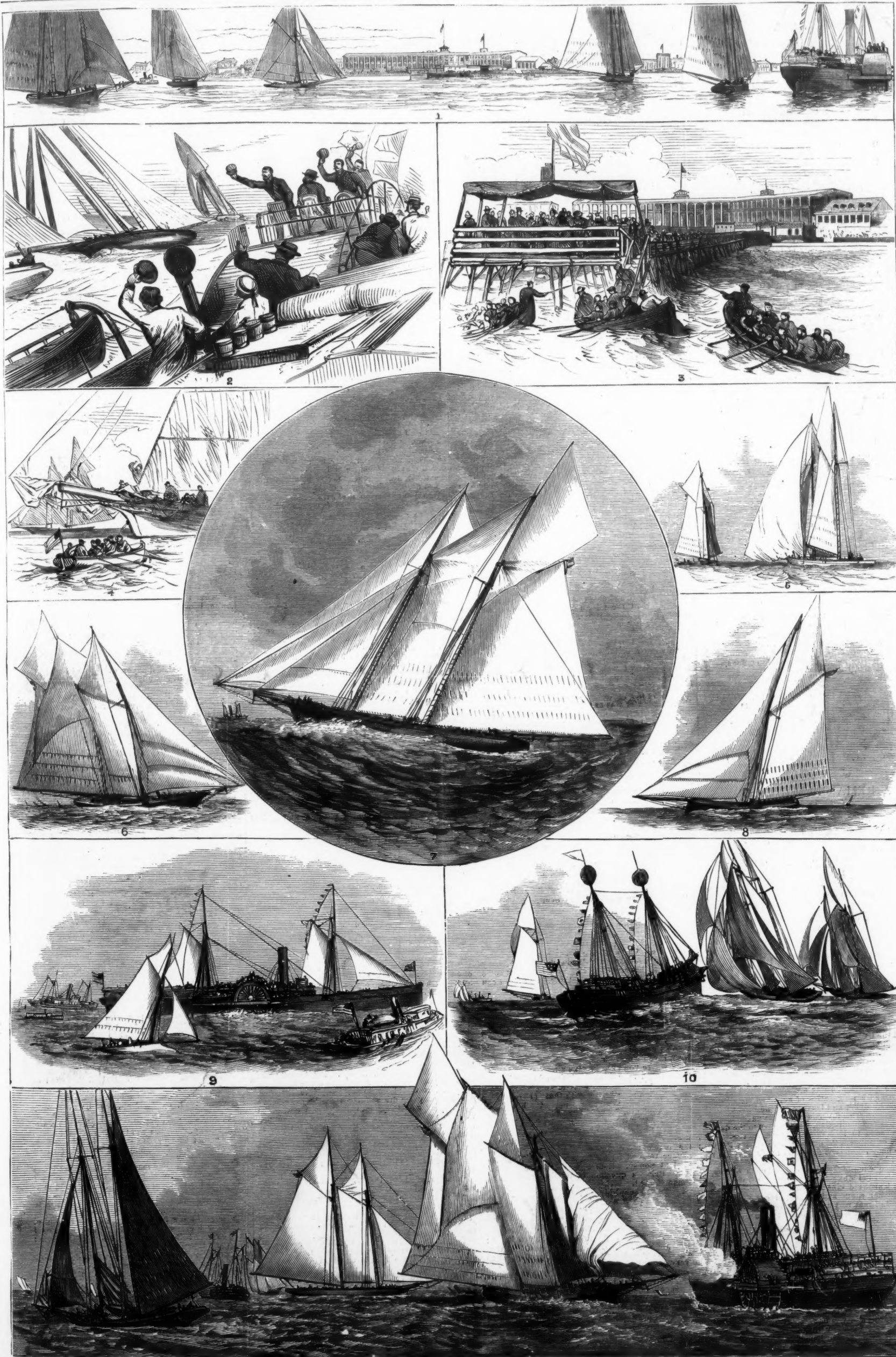


CIVIL WAR IN SPAIN.—HIGH MASS IN THE ALPHONIST CAMP, ON MOUNT ESQUINZA.



RELIGIOUS FEUDS IN BELGIUM.—PILGRIMS, RETURNING FROM GHENT, BESSET BY LIBERALS.





First Day—No Wind, No Start. 2. Saluting the Winner from the *Tallapoosa*. 3. Landing Guests at Congress Hall Pier. 4. Judges Announcing Postponement. 5. The *Eva*. 6. The *Madeleine*, the Winning Schooner. 7. Vice-Commodore Garner's New Yacht, the *Mohawk*. 8. *Vindex*, the Winning Sloop. 9. The *Tallapoosa* following the Race. 10. At the Five-fathom Lightship. 11. The Finish.

THE REGATTA AT CAPE MAY, JULY 14TH.—SKETCHED BY FRANK SCHELL.—SEE PAGE 363.



AN UNPOPULAR POET'S RESOLVES  
AND RUMINATIONS.BY  
EDGAR FAWCETT.

I THINK my fate extremely hard;  
My love of country is religious,  
And I esteem a national bard  
As something thoroughly prodigious.  
But though my verses, all agree,  
Are quite a laudable assortment,  
I can't induce my muse to be  
American in her deportment.

'Tis vain to plead her favoring smile,  
And tell her, with imploring passion,  
That Western prairies are in style,  
And desperadoes all the fashion.  
My genius might as well incline  
To sing about Japan's Mikado  
As perpetrate a single line  
On Oregon or Colorado!

Indeed, one fact has made me spend  
Long days of yearning, dark and dreary:  
My Western travels don't extend  
Beyond the limits of Lake Erie.  
At faro I am grossly "green,"  
Though "poker" I have played a trifle;  
A bowie-knife I've scarcely seen;  
I'm unfamiliar with a rifle!

On Indiana, from an early age,  
I've ever looked with detestation,  
And "Bourbon" is a beverage  
I hold in rare abomination!  
The lunar gentleman above  
Knows more than I of scouts and ranches;  
I've always had a loathing of  
Mustangs and Mexican Comanches.

I sometimes think, "I'll migrate West,  
And force the unwilling muse to follow;  
Learn slang and air it with the best;  
Don a red shirt; in coarseness wallow;  
Affect a slouch-hat, worn awry;  
Grow all the hair that's on my face in;  
And settle passing grudges by  
Two derringers at stated paces!

"Tall boots I'll wear, of stoutish hide,  
In female as in male society;  
Extremely rough-shod will I ride  
O'er every precept of propriety;  
To different ladies I'll make love  
In many a thriving border city,  
And be an active member of  
Some leading vigilance-committee.

"And when at last experience brings  
Of novel facts a fine redundancy,  
I'll write my sonnets, odes and things  
In ungrammatical abundance,  
Employing ink of reddest glow  
On every least poetic question,  
To give my manuscripts, you know,  
A nice sanguineous suggestion!

"And then, perchance, the world will smile;  
Of fame I'll prove the happy winner.  
Boston will praise my 'native' style,  
And doubtless ask me East to dinner.  
Large universities will sue  
To have me spout them large orations,  
And noted *literati*, too,  
Will bore me by their conversations!"

Yet—would I then endure my lot,  
From civilized dominions banished?  
With lonely longings would I not  
Beloid in visions what had vanished?  
My strength of purpose turning slack,  
Oh, would I not, grown very wary,  
To dear New York come rushing back,  
Cured by the sight of my first prairie?

## A REMARKABLE CURE.

BY  
GEORGE A. BAKER, JR.

THIS voracious history is written with the design of calling the attention of the civilized world to the remarkable curative powers possessed by the mineral waters of Saratoga. It is, in point of fact, a "puff." It chronicles the cure of a patient, who resorted last Summer to the great American Spa. As the druggist hides the unpleasant pill within a coating of toothsome sugar, so will we conceal our insidious puff in a simple story.

Twenty-five years ago Mrs. General Randolph Poindexter was one of the brightest belles of New York society. Last Summer she was, and for some years had been, the widow of the late General Poindexter, of the late Confederate army. On an August morning in the year of our Lord 1873, she sat in her room at the Clarendon (Saratoga Springs) looking wrathfully indignant, and fanning herself violently. On that same August morning an event happened which was quite unprecedented in the annals of Saratoga. A remarkably pretty woman, aged not more than twenty, came out of the dining-room of the Clarendon. She was arrayed in mourning, and the learned in funeral insignia might know by certain attributes of her costume that she was a widow. This lady was Mrs. Louise Brent. At the age of seventeen she had married one of the richest and goutiest old gentlemen in New York. He had taken her immediately to Europe, and eight months before the August morning already referred to he had crowned a long series of acts of kindly consideration by dying and leaving her the bulk of his worldly goods. This favorite of fortune gazed about her in search of occupation, walked over to the desk and proceeded to look through the hotel register. Then she exclaimed, "I declare, here's Aunt Poindexter's name. Thirty-eight—why that's next door to mine!"

In consequence of the above-related occurrences, Mrs. General Poindexter was suddenly aware of a feminine whirlwind clad in black grenadine, which burst into her room and embraced her violently. Mrs. Louise Brent was a niece of the late General Poindexter's first wife, and she has the honor of being our heroine.

"Louise, my dearest child, I am enraptured to see you! How do you happen to be here? When did you come?" and Mrs. Poindexter administered ponderous embraces in allopathic doses.

"I only got back from Europe three weeks ago. There wasn't a soul left in town, so I went up to West Point. Grew tired of it, and came here last night. I saw your name in the register just this minute, and came right up. I'm so glad you're here. Why, I haven't seen you for three years."

"True, dear, and you have known trouble in that time. Ah! I can feel with you! Confide in me, and relieve your overburdened heart, for there is no one in the world who is nearer to you. What a lovely trimming that is, Louise! Who made the dress for you?"

"Oh, it came from Pingard's. He's ever so much more stylish than Worth. I was in Paris over a month, having my mourning made up, and I've brought over a perfect load of things. That trimming's something quite new. You see—"

Here followed a technical disquisition couched in terms which are to this historian as "sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal," and with which, therefore, he cannot edify his readers.

At last Mrs. Poindexter bethought herself, and resumed her funeral aspect. She advanced the supposition that Louise had come to Saratoga for her health. "The natural grief at the untimely demise of your—"

"Nonsense, auntie! I'm as well as can be. Don't I look so? I came because I'm past the age for 'cadet-fever,' and so got mortally tired of the Point. You're not here for your health, I hope."

"Not mine, but Randolph's."

"Is he with you? That's elegant! I haven't seen him since the night of that engagement-party you gave me, just before he went to Heidelberg. I have to laugh every time I think of it. You know we'd always flirted with each other, and the dreadfully tragic manner in which he wished me 'fifty years of wedded bliss' was too absurd."

"Fifty years! Why, poor Geoffrey was sixty then, wasn't he?"

"Good gracious, no, aunt! Only fifty-nine—and he was awfully kind. I buried him at Nice, seven—or, let me see—September, October, November—yes, eight months ago." She satisfied the proprieties with her handkerchief. "He must have grown by this time!"

"What on earth do you mean, Louise?"

"Oh! I'm talking about Randolph. Is he quite a big boy?"

"My dear child, he is two years older than you are."

"So he is! How time flies! But then a girl always seems older than a boy, somehow. He's not well, you say? What's the matter?"

From the utter indifference with which this inquiry was made, a shrewd observer would at once have suspected that Louise was more than ordinarily interested in her cousin. Had he seen her crying over that youth's photograph on the eve of the wedding, he might have guessed the exact nature of that interest.

Mrs. Poindexter sighed deeply, as she answered, "It's a general break-down of his nervous system, the natural consequence of his folly. Oh, Louise—how can I tell you—Randolph is no longer the good, innocent, gentlemanly boy that you knew. I shudder to think of his life at Heidelberg. He never went near a lecture."

"The wretch!"

"He learned to smoke."

"Cigars?"

"No, a nasty pipe."

"Disgusting!"

"He fought duels."

"The idea!"

"He drank beer from morning till night, and went round at night singing. Such songs. He has a book full of them, and knows them all. He told me he'd destroy it, and only this morning I found it here. Just think of the talk, if anybody had seen such a horrid book in my room."

"Where is it, aunt?" Louise was dying to see it, naturally.

"Let me look at it! I know some German, and it'll be awful fun to read the songs."

"My dear child, what are you thinking of? I can't understand a word of them, but they must be horrid. I don't believe they're fit for ladies to see."

"Pooh! What's the difference? We're all by ourselves."

We dare not venture to assert that the dignified Mrs. Poindexter was as curious as her niece, but at all events she yielded, and handed Louise the mystic volume. At that instant a melodious voice, chanting lustily,

"Es giebt, es giebt da hübsche Mädchen,  
Aber keine Jungfrau nicht—siehst du wohl!"

was heard in the passage.

"Good gracious, there he is now!" and the book was hidden.

The *enfant perdu* entered.

"How handsome he is!" thought the young widow. He recognized her at once. His face lighted up, and he sprang towards her shouting with a voice like a nor'wester, "Louise, my dearest cousin, willkommen!"

Louise was not going to allow any cousinly familiarities on the part of this great, black-bearded, carelessly dressed, beer-drinking, pipe-smoking creature; not she. So, with calm dignity, she gave him two fingers.

"He doesn't seem so very sick," she thought.

"Why, you're prettier than ever!" announced Randolph.

"Nor so very ill-mannered either!"

It was time for Mrs. Poindexter to seek her spring. She whispered to Louise: "Just talk to him, dear. You always had a great deal of influence over him." So she left them.

"Louise," broke out Randolph, "it is simply immense to have you here! Now I can get some fun out of this confounded dusthole. You and I can go on no end of sprees."

"Randolph, don't talk slang to me, please; I don't understand it."

"Oh, I'll soon teach it to you. But it's beastly hot in here. Let's take a walk in the park."

"In that—costume!" She was about to say "rig," but caught herself.

"So! I've got another governess!" he thought.

"Well, if you won't go with me in this, you'll have to stay where you are. That's all."

"His manners are awful," thought Louise, as she answered indifferently: "Oh, very well, here's a paper—I'll amuse myself with that. (I know he's dying to be seen walking with me. I'll bring him round in a minute.)"

Vanity, but not far from the truth. He was thinking, "She's the most stylish woman in the house. I'd give anything to show her off, and make some of the old cats wild."

Silence reigned for a minute or two. Randolph looked at Louise. Louise was absorbed in her paper. Being a question of obstinacy, of course the man yielded.

"Louise!" sheepishly.

"I thought so! Well?"

"Are you going to walk?"

"I'm waiting for your mother."

"You're not going with her?"

"Yes, I think so. You're not well, you know; and I walk very fast. You'd get heated, and that would be very bad for you. I think you ought to be very careful of yourself."

Louise had conceived an idea. Her last remark was tentative. Randolph said just about what she had expected he would.

"Oh, I'm not afraid. I'll walk as fast as you like, if the old lady's not around. Come."

"Randolph, what do you mean? Is it possible that you have been deceiving your mother? Confess, sir!" and she looked half-stern, half-pleading, and altogether irresistible.

Randolph laughed. Dramatically he sank on his knees beside her. "Mea culpa, pater," he moaned, and Louise found it dreadfully hard to be properly

dignified with him. "I am perfectly well. No more sick than you are. But I don't want the old lady to know it. Now, open confession, and easy penance?"

"Don't be in a hurry. There's lots more wickedness, I know. Why, on earth—what is the reason of this outrageous imposition?"

The change of manner accompanying the pause in that speech was an excellent illustration of what the poet meant by "from lively to severe."

"Well, I'll tell you the whole story. I came home from Heidelberg, where I'd been having a jolly time for three years. Of course I'd changed while I was away. I don't see how any one could expect that I shouldn't. Mother was perfectly disgusted. One night I met a couple of college friends, and we passed the evening smoking, and talking over old times."

"I know what that means."

"When I came home I found mother sitting up for me, reading her prayer-book. It wasn't more than three o'clock; but I tell you I got a lecturing. But I say, Louise, can't I get up? This kneeling's awfully uncomfortable."

With awe-inspiring dignity Louise gave her assent, gravely made room for him on the sofa beside her, and then spoiled the whole effect by tapping him on the cheek with the folded newspaper, and calling him a "bad boy."

Randolph went on: "After that night I never had a minute's peace. Mother took me in hand. She said I must 'revive my social relations.' Perhaps you don't know what that is? Well, it means calling on all the homeliest old women in New York. Catch me at it! That was only one of forty things that she insisted upon. To get out of them I pretended to be sick, and mother got frightened, and brought me here. That's all about it."

"Now there's something else, and it's the worst of all. What made you act so at the University, Randolph?"

"Oh, mother's been talking to you, has she! Now, be fair! *Audiatur et altera pars*."

"That's Latin, and I don't know what it means; but I do know that you never learned it in that horrid, disgusting, rowdyish Heidelberg."

As raves the bull when erst the cloth of sanguine hue is waved before his angry eyes, so raved Randolph when any one presumed to utter a word in disparagement of his beloved Alma Mater. He jumped up, and pacing the room with mighty strides, his eyes flashing and his voice trembling with enthusiasm, he poured forth, in mingled German and English, the praises of his University. His Southern blood was on fire with generous ardor, and his unstudied eloquence fairly carried Louise away with it. Her eyes blazed, her cheeks flushed; the honest, enthusiastic nature of the fresh-hearted American girl broke through all the fetters in which the woman who married for money had bound it. As Randolph turned to her at the end of his tirade, with a quick, "Now, what do you say, Louise?" she sprang to her feet, and, in her glorious, womanly voice, cried out:

"What do I say? I would have given anything to have been there with you!" Randolph called her a jolly little brick, and—it was rather an outrageous thing to do—bugged her; and all she said was, "Oh—don't, please—"

Randolph was delighted with her. "Now you've pleased me, I'll do something to please you. You object to my dress. I'll change it. I'll get myself up as gorgeously as I know how. Wait here!" He was gone.

Louise had conquered. But she was not at all pleased. If the outbreak that had gained her the victory had been feigned, she would have been proud of it. Unfortunately, it was genuine; she was ashamed of herself. She stood covered with blushes as with a garment. "Louise Vanorden" (she never thought of herself by her married name), you're a little idiot! To let that horrid Randolph talk me round, and—act so. My cheeks are in a perfect blaze. I wonder where aunt keeps herself! It must be elegant there, though. I don't believe what aunt says about this song-book at all. Let me see; why, here are things by some of the best writers in Germany—Uhland, Koerner, Arndt—splendid! Here's one marked; a favorite, I suppose."

Then she began humming the air, and at last sang loud and clear in her fresh voice:

"Grad' aus dem Wirthshaus, komm' ich heraus,  
Strasse, wie wunderbar siehst du mir aus!  
Rechter Hand, linker Hand, beides vertauscht,  
Strasse, ich seh' sie klar, du bist veräuscht."

She sang the other verses, and just as she reached the last line, her aunt came in, and there stood Louise shaking her finger with Bacchic solemnity at that most estimable lady, admonishing her meanwhile:

"Schäme dich, schäme dich, alter Gesell!"

Mrs. Poindexter raised her hands in amazement. "Louise, Louise! What is the meaning of this insane performance?"

"Why, aunt, I'm investigating. You can't judge of a song at all without the music." Then, as if to avoid further discussion of musical topics, she went on rapidly: "And, aunt, I was most agreeably disappointed with Randolph. He was just as nice as could be."

"Ah, child, do not fear to tell me your real thoughts. I can bear it. I know, only too well, the estimation in which he holds ladies."

"I suppose she can't see any difference between me and those homely old women he wouldn't call on," thought the pretty niece.

"But don't give up, Louise. Try to influence him. If you could only manage to make him dress decently, it would be something. I fear I shall never see my son dressed like a gentleman again."

That fear was doomed to disappointment, for at the instant Randolph came back from his hurried toilet, "en grande tenue." He was perfect in every detail.

"Here I am," he cried, gleefully. Then, seeing his mother, he looked somewhat sheepish.

"What do I see?" she cried, with melodramatic fervor.

"Better, mother! Don't stare at me as if I had ten heads! Will I do, Louise?"

"You impostor! You've not forgotten as much as you pretended."

"I don't mind anything but the gloves. I feel choked in them, and I can't fasten this confounded button. Got a hairpin, Louise?"

Yes, Louise had one; but Randolph was clumsy, and it was necessary that she should lend her deft assistance. As she bent over his hand, he whispered:

"Will you walk with me now, Louise—chen?"

And the demon Propinquity (some call him Cupid) prompted her to whisper in return:

"Of course I will! But I like you better the old way, after all—as a Heidelberg student. Another unconditional surrender, you see. 'Oh, woman, etc.'"

"You don't mean it!" cried the guileless youth.

"Oh, mother, what do you think Louise says?"

A sudden and severe pinch stopped him.

"Hush! Do come along, you great stupid thing!" and she dragged him off.

They enjoyed that walk without a thought of care; but tribulation was preparing. The doctor, who had charge of Randolph's precious health called on Mrs. Poindexter. With dignity, he declared that he must be relieved from all responsibility in the case, unless the patient could be induced to pay some little attention to his directions, and gave a gloomy account of Randolph's delinquencies.

Mrs. Poindexter was excessively angry. Her imperious temper, fostered in the favorable atmosphere of a Southern plantation, broke all bounds. She had a strong desire to box her son's ears. She could not even wait till he should return from his walk.

So it happened that Randolph, retreating with Louise from an unsuccessful raid on the only bench that afforded room for two in the whole of Saratoga's park, suddenly caught sight of his mother in full cry after him. He fled, and sought refuge in the hotel parlor. Louise followed him, in utter astonishment.

"Randolph, what ails you? What did you want to run away in that style for?"

"Mother's after me. Something's up. I saw it in her face. But we're safe now. She'll go running around outside, and never think of looking for me here. Maybe, she'll be cooled off a little by the time she gets back. But let's get out on the piazza. Here's a whole shoal of people coming in, and I've something to say to you. Something very particular, that I don't want any one else to hear. You'll listen to me kindly, won't you?"

My dear young lady, reading these lines, suppose you were at Saratoga; suppose a man whom you had liked (in the feminine sense of the word) all your life, and whom you had every reason to believe to be desperately in love with you, should say those words to you in what, in your artless language, you would call an "awfully sweet way," what would you think? Well, that's just what Louise thought, and her heart fluttered strangely.

But she was mistaken woefully.

"Louise," he said, when they had reached a lonely corner of the great piazza, "as soon as I saw you to-day I thought of this, and I've thought of it all morning since. But I'm almost afraid to tell even you."

Louise thought he needed encouragement. She smiled consciously, and replied:

"Go on, Randolph. Don't be afraid of me. I'm sure you've not got anything so very dreadful to tell."

"Well, I'm afraid it may seem a little queer. You see, we haven't met before for ever so long, and to come out with a thing like this the very first day, I don't know how you'll take it."

"How can I tell, till I know what it is? Good gracious! Why doesn't he speak out? There'll be somebody here in a minute."

"You can't tell what a worry I've been in about it. You can make me the happiest fellow in the world if you only will. Well, I suppose I must get it over, and after all you're almost the same to me as a relative, I've known you so long, so I don't see why I should hesitate about asking you. Louise, I—"

It was coming, and at the critical moment Louise became a little frightened. She said, solemnly, "Stop! Consider what you are doing! Don't be hasty! There are steps in life not to be taken carelessly. But I"—and she blushed—"think I know what you are going to say, Randolph."

"How on earth did you ever find it out? But I'm glad of it, for, upon my word, I didn't know how to begin. We understand each other now, thank goodness!" He took her hand gratefully. Louise expected an outbreak of affection, and pulled it away nervously.

"Don't, Randolph, here. Somebody will be sure to see you." She blushed, and Randolph wondered what on earth she thought he was going to do.

"You are dreadfully wild, Randolph."

"Oh, indeed, Louise! I honestly will try to keep straight after this. Fellows always say that, I know; but I really mean it. You'll see!"

"But you're so young."

"I think that's an excuse for me; and, honestly, I've made up my mind never to get myself into such a scrape again."

"What on earth do you mean by that?" Louise asked, sharply enough.

Truth struggles to come to the surface, but Fate clapped the well-cover on again. To Randolph's guilty soul appeared a direful sight—his mother. Evidently she had not seen him. Escape was yet possible.

"Wait for me here, Louise; don't go away!" and with that he fled around the corner of the house.

Louise sat thinking. Poor girl; there had been little of love, little of romance, in her life. Married at seventeen to a money-bag, she had ever been a most dutiful wife. Now that no ties bound her, she let her whole heart go out to the boy-lover of her girlhood. "He loves me! Little goose, what am I blushing for? Goodness, here's aunt!"

Yes, there was aunt, very warm, very dusty, and very much out of temper.

"Why, auntie, what's the matter?"

"Matter enough! Louise, I will not submit to it any longer. Randolph is a wicked, ungrateful son. I've tried persuasion in vain; now I shall use my authority. Just think of it! I let my house at Newport, and came to this detestable, common place so that Randolph might have the benefit of the waters. The doctor says that he has never touched them. Worse than that, he deliberately deceives me in everything. But all this shall be stopped, at once. I am his mother, and even if I have to resort to corporal punishment, I will make him understand, once for all, that he must obey me."

The anger of her aunt absolutely choked Louise. "Aunt Nelly, what are you thinking of! Randolph isn't a child; he's a man grown. He'll be marrying before you know it, and then what will be come of your authority?"

"Marry! That boy marry! I should like to see him do anything of the sort! I'll find a wife or him when the time comes. But I can't stand talking here. I must find him. And when I do—"

She started off, leaving that impressive status to comfort her round-the-corner listening son.

"There, I knew it!" he said, returning to Louise. "I knew there was something wrong! How I shall catch it! But about what I told you, Louise; I suppose it's all right, isn't it?"

Louise shook her head gravely. "I don't know what your mother'll say about it!"

"Why, Louise, for pity's sake, don't tell her. She mustn't know anything about it. She'd make a fearful row."

"But she'll have to know some day."

"I don't see why; at least, not for a good while. Not till it's all finished and settled, at any rate."

"An elopement, I declare!" thought Louise. "Well, well, we'd better make some definite arrangement; and Randolph, for pity's sake, don't be so mysterious about it; speak out!"

Randolph did speak out—very much to the point. "It's a good deal to ask, Louise, but I'll repay you, indeed I will; you're so awfully rich, you



know—and then you seem just like my sister—well, less wouldn't do me any good at all—and if you could spare five hundred dollars, I'd be—” He broke off to look at Louise, in speechless amazement. Her eyes were overflowing, her cheeks were blazing.

“Oh, you mean, horrid thing. To borrow money from a woman. I hate you.” So she cried out, and then, feeling that she was betraying herself, she ran from him to her own room, there to shed bitter tears of disappointment and shame.

“Silly thing!” you say. Catch you acting so! Of course you wouldn't. But, unfortunately, Louise had a heart, and she had never yet tempered it in the fires and ice-water of flirtation. Randolph looked after her in angry astonishment. “What the deuce—! I'd known she was going to kick up such a row, I'd rather have asked the old lady herself. She just as good as told me it was all right, and then blazed up like that. Who can understand a woman?” Then he pulled his cigar case out, and lighting a mighty weed, began to puff vigorously. “What the mischief did I say?” He thought deeply; quicker and whiter came the smoke-puffs. Suddenly he dashed his palm against the railing. “Idiot! She couldn't have thought anything else. I wonder—would you—my darling little cousin—would you have said ‘Yes’ to that? Why couldn't I see—but I do now, and by Jove, I'll tell her what I have never dared to before—how I've loved her all my life.”

He dashed off to her room, and knocked vigorously. Louise's voice was heard inquiring, “Who's there?” “It's I—Randolph. Come out, do, Louise! I want to speak to you.” His excited tone gave Louise an inkling of the truth. “In a minute,” she called, and proceeded to bathe her eyes.

Meanwhile Randolph, outside the door, was soliloquizing aloud: “Who ever would have thought of this? What will the old ‘un say!” The lady thus referred to was standing beside him. Her room was next Louise's. She had heard Randolph's voice in the passage, and pounced out at once. She was fairly trembling with anger. Randolph had not even time to drop his cigar. He faced round holding it behind him.

“The old ‘un! You mean me, I suppose. Not content with calling me by opprobrious epithets behind my back, you bawl them through the passages for the whole house to hear. What do you mean by it?”

“Why, mother, that's not an opprobrious epithet; only a sort of pet name, you know.”

“Don't answer me! What's this smoke. Tobacco! Randolph, have you dared to smoke after what the doctor said?”

“Why, mother, the idea! I don't smell any smoke.”

With pantomimic action he “snuffed” the tainted air. Unfortunately he turned around, and there before Mrs. Poindexter's angry eyes burned the “accursed thing.”

“What is that in your hand, sir?”

“Oh—that—I—I was just bringing that up for Louise!” and then he laughed at his own ridiculous excuse.

Anger mastered Mrs. Poindexter. “You are lying to me. Do you think I will bear everything? Do you want to kill yourself?” At that Randolph laughed again. “You laugh in my face, do you?” and like a fury she flew at him, and struck him in the face with her open hand—in fact boxed his ears soundly.

Louise stood in the doorway. She had seen the whole of the ladylike performance just described. She looked at her aunt in disgusted astonishment. Mrs. Poindexter burst into tears and fled into her own room. As Louise looked at Randolph standing there, she pitied him. But should he know it? Indeed, no! He had humiliated her; she would have her revenge. She began to laugh.

Randolph was too broken-spirited to be angry at her; he only said, sadly: “Louise, how can you. You see my shame, and you laugh. That was a thing that even my mother had no right to do. I do not know how to act.”

Louise seemed to ponder. “You'll have to challenge her, Randolph!” and again her silvery laugh rang through the passage.

Randolph grew angry.

“Louise, you ought to be ashamed of yourself! Be still!”

“Goodness, what a fire-eater you are! Do you want to fight me, too? Very well, I'm ready. Auf die Messer!”

“Louise, I don't deserve this roughing from you. My mother seems to think me still a child. Well, perhaps it's my own fault. But I've been taught a lesson. I will make her understand that I am a man, with a mind and a will of my own.” Then he took a long breath, and said in a determined way, “I will, at once.” (“Hear, hear,” interpolated Louise.)

“GET MARRIED!”

Ha, Mistress Louise, do you wince a little, as you ask with forced indifference, “Whom, then, do you propose to honor, Randolph?”

“Ah, you'd like to know, would you? Well, I'll tell you. But don't mention it to anybody else. It's a secret. I don't mind you, we're such old friends; but you must promise not to tell!”

“Yes, Randolph,” very meekly.

“Come here, then, and I'll whisper it to you.” She came close to him; he glanced hastily up and down the hall. No one was in sight. He caught her in his arms, kissed her sweet face, and whispered, “Your own darling little self—who else.”

“Louise, I love you. Will you be my wife?”

Louise again held the balance of power. She extricated herself from his arms, looked at him with an expression of amused astonishment, shook her head, laughed, and said in the most composed manner:

“You are the funniest person! What on earth ever put such nonsense into your head? The idea of my getting a proposal from you. Randolph, do try and remember that you're only a boy.”

Randolph became eloquent once more.

“I have acted like a child all my life, but you can make a man of me, Louise. You know me to be sincere and outspoken, and when I tell you that I love you better than all the world, I mean it. It began when we were both children, and has grown with my growth. It was your marriage that made me such a good-for-nothing scamp. Do you suppose I ever forgot you? Through all the beer and songs and smoke of Heidelberg my memory went back every hour to your dear face. I can never love another woman. If you won't have me, I will never marry at all. Be my wife, Louise. I will devote my life to your happiness, and I will be a boy no longer. I will arrange about my property with my mother. You know I'm dependent on her only because I wouldn't be troubled to take care of my own share, and when I became of age insisted upon her continuing to manage everything as before. When I end this dependence, her unreasonable authority over me must end with it. Then I will say good-bye to all my folly and boyishness. Louise, can't I take you into my new life with me? Answer me, darling.”

She raised her fearful, loving eyes, and in them he read what her lips could not speak. Raptures were in order, but Louise checked them.

“Randolph, take care; some one's coming.”

The some one was Mrs. Poindexter. She looked abashed, and her eyes were red with weeping. Louise thought she had better leave mother and son alone. Her aunt stopped her.

“Don't go, Louise. You were here when I—Stay now. Dear Randolph, your mother asks your forgiveness. I was very wrong when I—forgot myself just now.”

“Oh, mother,” said Randolph, the regenerate, “let's forget all about that!” and he kissed her heartily.

“Dear boy! But Randolph, for your own sake you should be more careful. It was very imprudent to smoke that cigar. You know what the doctor said.”

“Oh, that don't make any difference. I'm not going to have anything to do with him any more. I've got a new doctor—a female one.”

“Randolph, don't!” cried Louise, turning deeply, darkly, beautifully pink.

“She has only just taken charge of me, and I am better already. My headache's gone, and I don't know what ‘nerves’ feel like; so I thought I'd ask her to take charge of me for the rest of my life, and, God bless her, she has consented to do so.”

“Randolph, are you crazy? What are you talking about? Who is this person?”

“I will present her.” He took Louise by the hand, and bowed solemnly to his mother. “This is the lady I spoke of. Mother, I present to you the future Mrs. Randolph Poindexter.”

The present Mrs. Randolph Poindexter did not look particularly amiable at this juncture. She liked the match well enough, but Randolph had been guilty of disrespect in neglecting to consult her, while Louise had certainly been very deceitful. So she was vexed, and showed it in her face.

Louise saw the old, imperious temper in her eyes, and gallantly made her attack.

“Dear aunt, I only wanted to take a trouble off your hands. You ought really to be relieved of some of your duties, and”—giving Randolph a most tender burlesque of a box on the ear—“I think I can do this sort of thing with much less loss of dignity than you can.”

Mrs. Poindexter blushed. She was yielding.

“But you ought to have spoken to me on the subject,” she said severely.

“Oh, I haven't really engaged myself to him yet. And if you don't like me, and won't have me in the family, I'll go away somewhere, and forget—” The handkerchief came into active play.

“There, there, child; don't cry. Come into my room, and let us talk about it quietly.”

So they did, and by dinner-time they had settled that it would hardly be worth while to send to Paris for a trousseau, as the wedding would have to be rather quiet. They supposed, too, they must ask one of the Peyton girls to be bridesmaid.

#### THE CAPE MAY REGATTA.

THE Cape May Regatta, which was announced to come off on July 12th, 13th and 14th, attracted to that favorite watering-place some of the finest yachts in the country, and an immense number of visitors. The programme included a time allowance race, on the first day, with free entrance, for which two prizes, worth \$1,000 each, were offered; one for schooners, the other for sloops. A sweepstakes race, without allowance, on the second day, with two prizes, worth \$500 each; one for schooners and one for sloops; and a steam yacht-race, on the third day, for a silver prize, valued at \$500. Owing to circumstances of wind and tide, the programme was not fully carried out; but on Tuesday, July 13th, one of the best yacht-races on record took place.

The yachts entered were as follows:

SCHOONERS.			
Name.	Owner.	Club.	Allowance.
Mohawk.....	Vice-Com. Garner.....	New York.....	—
Rambler.....	W. H. Thomas.....	New York.....	8:29
Resolute.....	Rufus Hatch.....	New York.....	8:39
Dreadnaught.....	C. J. Osborn.....	New York.....	9:51
Madeleine.....	Com. Dickinson.....	Brooklyn.....	11:17
Idler.....	E. J. Colgate.....	New York.....	15:03
Eva.....	E. Burd Grubb.....	New York.....	21:09
J. V. Greeley.....	.....	Phila.....	30:02
Sunshine.....	H. J. Hand.....	New York.....	39:08

SLOOPS.			
Name.	Owner.	Club.	Allowance.
White Wing.....	A. P. Bliven.....	Brooklyn.....	—
Vindex.....	Robert Center.....	New York.....	0:58
Sadie.....	Rear-Com. Davidson.....	Brooklyn.....	5:41
Kaiser Wilhelm.....	J. B. Norris.....	New York.....	18:34

The course selected by the Regatta Committee was as follows: From a stake-boat fronting the hotels to the lightship on Five-Fathom Bank, thence to and around a stake-boat distant about three miles northeast, and back to the point of departure, distance about forty miles.

The *Madeleine* won the schooner prize, and the *Vindex* the sloop prize. This was a race in which almost all the participants are satisfied with the result. The admirers of the *Mohawk* and *Idler* declared themselves satisfied with their favorites. The following is the official record of the race:

SCHOONERS.			
Name.	Start.	Finish.	Time by Allowance.
Resolute.....	H. M. S. 10:35:33	H. M. S. 2:27:40	3:51:47 3:58:48
Idler.....	10:36:33	2:25:58	3:49:25 3:50:02
Sunshine.....	10:37:52	(Time not taken.)	—
Creely.....	10:38:38	—	—
Mohawk.....	10:40:40	2:24:48	3:44:04 3:59:44
Eva.....	10:40:45	2:44:04	4:03:21 3:57:52
Dreadnaught.....	10:42:06	2:48:39	4:09:35 4:12:22
Rambler.....	10:42:13	2:31:38	3:48:04 3:55:36
Madeleine.....	10:46:58	3:30:11	3:43:13 3:47:36

SLOOPS.			
Name.	Start.	Finish.	Time by Allowance.
Kaiser Wilhelm.....	H. M. S. 10:39:05	H. M. S. 3:12:33	4:33:28 4:01:30
White Wing.....	10:42:33	(Time not taken.)	—
Vindex.....	10:43:04	2:51:15	4:07:52 3:53:29
Sadie.....	10:43:56	3:02:50	4:18:44 3:59:39

The schooner yacht *Mohawk*, belonging to Vice-Commodore Garner, of the New York Yacht Club, was the centre of attraction at the regatta. She is probably the largest and finest yacht afloat. She was built by Joseph Van Dusen, Williamsburg, the builder of the celebrated schooner *Columbia*, and launched June 9th. Her length of keel to the scarf of forefoot is 118 feet; and at water-line, 171 feet; on deck, 144 feet, and over all, from knight-heads to taffrail, 150 feet; beam, 30 feet 4 inches; depth, 9 feet 4 inches. She is 18 feet overhang and 14 feet rake of stern. Her bowsprit is 30 feet outboard; jib-boom, 24 feet from cap to hounds, 6 feet to outer hounds and 5-foot pole, making the extreme length 65 feet; extreme length of bowsprit, 42 feet; diameter of jib-boom, 13 inches in the cap; foremast, 94 feet 9 inches; 26 1-2 inches in diameter at the partners; foretopmast, 55 feet—12 inches diameter at the cap; mainmast, 56 feet 5 inches—28 inches diameter at the partners; main-topmast, 60 feet—12 1-2 inches diameter at the cap;

main boom, 90 feet long—16 inches diameter in the slings; main gaff, 41 feet 6 inches, with 18-inch pole; fore-boom, 39 feet; fore-gaff, 37 feet; square sail yard, 63 feet; sprits—main, 71 feet; fore, 67 feet; clubs—main, 44 feet; fore, 40 feet. Her jib is 62 feet on the foot, 87 feet on the stay; flying jib, 110 feet hoist on the stay; jib topsail, 144 feet hoist on the stay; square sail, 60 feet on the head, 90 feet on the foot, with 52 feet hoist; fore gaff-topsail, 88 feet on the luff, and 56 feet on the foot; main gaff-topsail, 93 feet on the luff, and 63 feet on the foot. The total area of her sails in square feet is 32,235. She is built in the most substantial and elegant manner, and her internal arrangements are superb.

Our illustrations show some of the incidents of the regatta. The first day there was no wind, and consequently no start, and the announcement by the judges of a postponement was a bitter disappointment to the thousands who had assembled to view the race. The United States revenue cutter *Tallapoosa*, seen in our sketch, carried the regatta committee.

Congress Hall, the beautiful and comfortable hostelry that for so many years has been the favorite resort of visitors to this city by the sea, occupies a prominent place in our illustrations, and to its genial proprietor, Colonel J. F. Cake, we are indebted for courtesies extended to our artist.

#### PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

THE VILLAGE FAIR AND FESTIVAL recently held at the Besselville Garden, in the Champs Elysees, for the benefit of the Maternal Charity Society, was equally brilliant and successful. The receipts amounted to more than 80,000 francs. The *Société de Charité Maternelle* is one of those numerous noble institutions of beneficence as well as benevolence which are “the salt of life” in the gay French metropolis, and of which rich and frivolous foreigners, who regard Paris only as the most luxurious and the wickedest of capitals, know but very little. This society was founded in 1785 by Queen Marie Antoinette.

THE LIFE-PRESERVING APPARATUS FOR THE PROTECTION OF BATHERS, shown in the engraving, is specially recommended by Mr. H. S. Harland, of Brompton, England, who has paid a great deal of attention to the subject. Mr. Harland says that all bathing-places should be provided with similar apparatus. The first consists simply of fifty yards of “nine-thread tarred cordage,” with cork floats, coiled up and hung upon a post by the river-side. In case of need, one has but to turn the wooden buttons which hold the rope, and either throw it to the drowning person, or, lashing it round his own chest and giving the other end to a bystander to hold, plunge in to the rescue with much greater confidence than he could otherwise attain. Such an appliance with post, notice-board and weather-box to protect the rope from the rotting influence of the rain, could be constructed and rigged by any joiner or shipwright. For very broad rivers, and for lake and coast service, Mr. Harland recommends the other arrangement shown in the sketch, which consists of Captain Ward's cork waistbelt, and several hundred yards of stout “amberline” wound round a wooden cone and stowed in a basket which is mounted on a wedge-shaped piece of wood, with a small anchor-hook attached, the use of which is to hold it firmly to the bank or shore while the rope is being paid out. Mr. Harland is strongly in favor of supplying every sailor and passenger with a life belt, as he believes that many lives would thereby be saved every year.

THE FLOODS IN FRANCE, which have lately caused so deplorable an amount of havoc and distress by the sudden overflow of the Upper Garonne, and other rivers descending from the Pyrenees and converging in the neighborhood of Toulouse, are exemplified by a picture representing the general aspect of that city at the time when the inundation reached its greatest height. The inhabitants assembled on the quays and on the Stone Bridge, and looked helplessly on the scene of desolation, and followed with terrified eyes the work of destruction. Property of all sorts was being swept away by the angry waves; piles of timber, carts, casks, cattle and heavy planks were hurled in their flight against the piers of the bridge. Half an hour after the precaution had been taken to close the bridge of St. Pierre, it gave way with a crash, and it was quickly followed by the Baths Raymond and the large public warehouses of Tournay and St. Pierre. We reproduce also a scene in a suburb of Toulouse.

HIGH MASS IN THE ALFONSOIST CAMP.—A characteristic episode of Spanish camp-life—High Mass in the open air, so that the whole of the army may join in devotion at the same time—is shown in the engraving, and is indicative of the strong religious element underlying all political differences in Spain; for he be an Alfonsist or Carlist, Monarchist or Republican, the Spanish soldier is, as a rule, a good Catholic. The original sketch was taken in the camp on Mount Equizina, lately occupied by the Second Corps of the Alfonsist Army of the North. The artist writes that the music of the service was continually interrupted by the booming of the cannon from one or other of the redoubts.

THE RELIGIOUS FEUDS between the bigoted peasant and the “liberal” town-workman in Belgium have unhappily led to various violent scenes which have already furnished us with topics for illustration. During the past few weeks the pilgrimage processions of the peasants have several times been attacked when passing through towns, and riots have in some cases ensued, notably in Ghent, which may be termed the headquarters of “Liberalism.” Our illustration shows the interior of a pilgrim excursion train returning from Ghent, the inmates of which are replying to the jibes and threats of the “Liberal” crowd outside. The two boys in the foreground are cross-bearers, while at their side may be seen a banner of the procession, inscribed with the pilgrims' war-cry, “Vive Pie IX. Pontifex Rex!”

#### NEWS OF THE WEEK.

##### DOMESTIC.

THERE was an extraordinary gathering at Cape May to witness the regatta.... The Legislative Committee on Police Reform in New York city continued their sessions.... A grand reception was prepared for the American team for the occasion of their arrival.... A Ladies' Centennial Commission was organized at Little Rock, with branches throughout the State.... An outbreak of the Hoopa Indians, on the Klamath River, California, was reported.... Two very daring burglaries were committed in New York city last week, in the middle of the day.... During the Orange celebration in Lawrence, Mass., a riot occurred, in which many persons were wounded.... The New York Board of Health were authorized to spend \$21,067 in filling-in the Harlem Flats.... Professor Marsh submitted to the President his statement upon Indian mismanagement.... The annual meeting of the American Philosophical Society was held at Providence, R. I., last week.... The crew of Cornell College won both the Freshman and the Intercollegiate races at Saratoga, Columbia coming in second in the latter.... A congress, composed of gentlemen interested in cotton culture in the South, was held at Raleigh, N. C.,.... The annual session of the American Book Trade Association was held last week at Niagara Falls.... Smith College, at Northampton, Mass., was formally dedicated

##### FOREIGN.

THE Earl of Derby explained the German demands upon Belgium in the British House of Lords.... All amendments to the University Education Bill in the French Assembly moved by the Liberals were rejected.... Over 700 clergymen took leave of Messrs. Moody and Sankey in London on the 12th.... Mr. Robeson, United States Consul at Edinburgh, dined the American team on the 12th.... On account of the establishment of an educational institution at home, the Turkish students at Paris were recalled.... The British Rifle Association offered the American team a challenge cup to be shot for annually.... In the French Assembly the election of M. Bourgoing was declared void.... China is to open diplomatic relations with Spain.... By heavy rains the Valley of the Severn, England was seriously inundated.... The Emperor of Germany stopped at Munich on his way to Salzburg.... A body of Carlist troops compelled to take refuge in France were arrested and deprived of their arms.... The natives of the Navigator Islands adopted a Constitution similar to that of the United States, and will choose their kings from two families, the reign being confined to four years.... It is thought that the new Constitution of Spain will contain the principles of religious liberty.... A Chinese victory over the aborigines in Southern Formosa is reported, after many defeats.... In the arbitration of the *Maria Luz* case, Russia decided in favor of Japan.... A new treaty with the Sultan of Zanzibar to strengthen the first relating to the suppression of slave traffic was signed in London last week.... The Sultan of Zanzibar left London for the Continent on the 15th.... An insurrection was reported in the town of Bhamo, Burmah.... Further damages by floods occurred in Wales and England.... The Carlist General Doregarray was pursued into Catalonia by the Royal troops.... Another heavy failure occurred in London, Lambert Bros. & Scott, coal merchants.

##### PERSONAL GOSSIP.

GENERAL TALIAFERRO, the new President of the Richmond Alumni Association of William and Mary College of Virginia, was in command of the militia forces at the execution of John Brown.

PROFESSOR D. F. BOYD, of the Louisiana State University, and Colonel H. C. Derrick, of Halifax County, Va., have been tendered positions by the Khedive, the former to be President of the Government Military College, and the latter to be a Lieutenant-Colonel in the engineer branch of the army. Both gentlemen have accepted.

THE Rev. Charles Collins, D.D., President of the Mississippi State Female College, died July 10th, aged sixty-three. He was a native of Maine, and a graduate of Wesleyan University. Before settling at Memphis he had been Principal of the High School at Augusta, Me., President of Emory and Henry Colleges, and President of Dickinson College. He assumed his last charge in 1860.

A NEW candidate for the Presidential office has loomed up in the portly person of Reverdy Johnson. Born in Annapolis, May 21st, 1796, he became a lawyer, United States Senator, Attorney-general of the United States, a delegate to the Peace Convention, and Minister to England. He was a strong Unionist throughout the war, and favored the first reconstruction Bill, but worked hard against the second. He is supposed to belong to the Democratic Party, although he has frequently found occasion to oppose its policy.

THE Rev. Robert J. Nevins, D.D., pastor of the American church begun in Rome about two years ago, is a native of Lancaster, Pa., and a son of John W. Nevins, D.D., LL.D., of Franklin and Marshall College. The edifice is said to be the most beautiful ecclesiastical structure in the city, and 136 feet in length by 64 in width and 66 in height. The tower was a gift from Miss Catharine Wolfe, of New York, and the chime of bells from Henry Messenger, of Brooklyn. When completed, the cost will be about \$100,000.

THE Prince of Wales has invited Major-General Lord Alfred Henry Paget to accompany him to India. This gentleman has occupied at Court, since before Queen Victoria's accession, a position of special favor. He is Chief Equerry and Clerk-Marshal to the Queen, and by particular appointment he received the late Emperor Napoleon, the Khedive of Egypt, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh on their arrival in England. He was a Colonel of Blues when sixteen, and was a pet of the Duke of Wellington before he resigned active command. He took his seat in the House of Lords when twenty-one, but his most marked services have been as an *attaché* of his royal mistress. He founded the largest yacht club in the kingdom, and held the commodore post for many years, resigning in favor of Prince Albert Edward. He is in the neighborhood of sixty years of age, a Liberal in politics, and a general favorite in society.

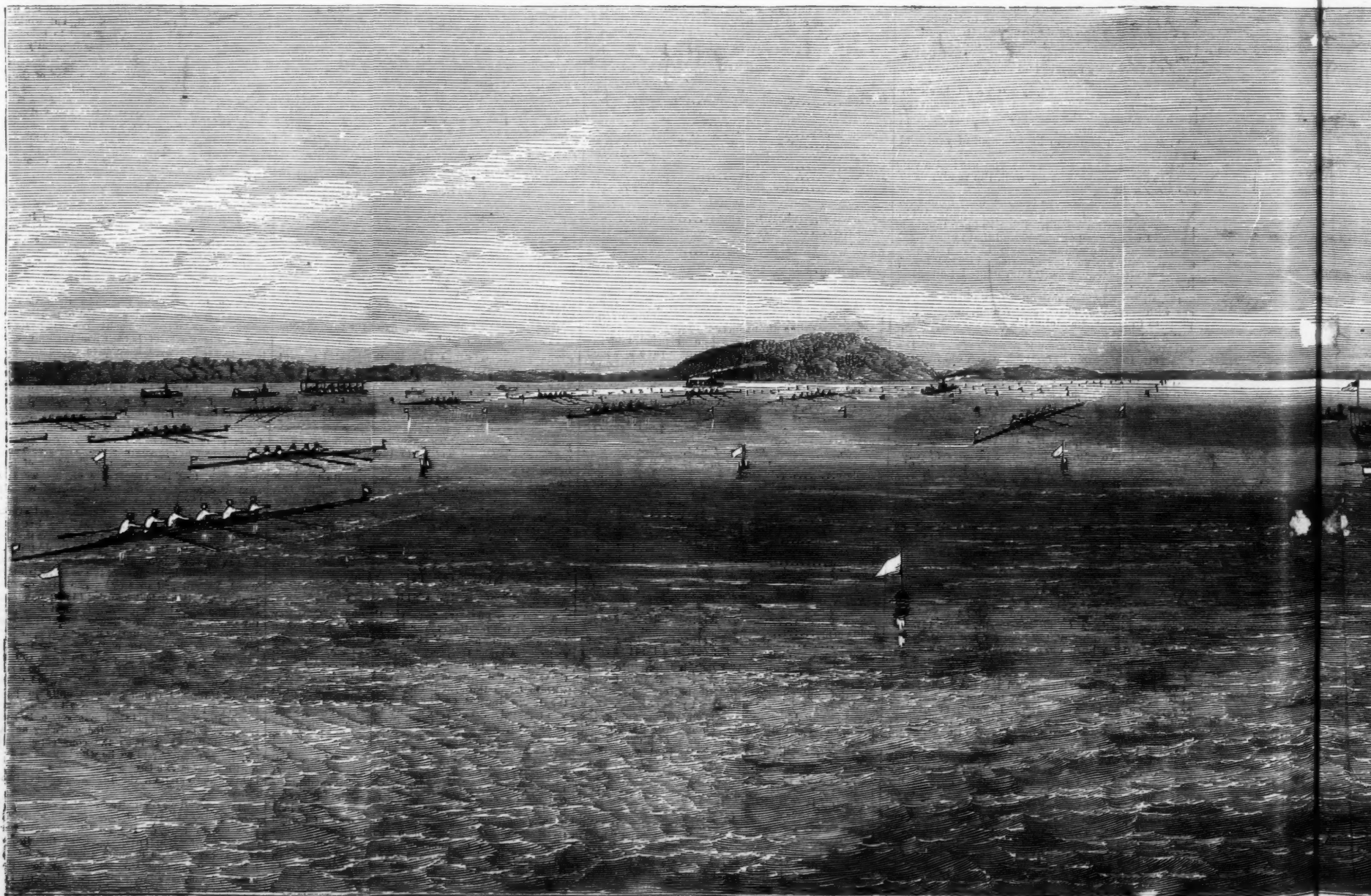
THE frequent publication by the venerable Thurlow Weed of bits of personal reminiscences are so fresh, curious and extensive in scope, and give such a delightful prognostication of the character of his autobiography, that the appearance of that work is most anxiously awaited. Mr. Weed, in the seventy-eight years of his life, has wrought out a career more checkered with facts of American political events than any other living man. There has been, too, a mystery about the parts he has acted, that add great piquancy to the little explanations he is constantly dropping. How many secrets of men and policies, parties and measures, were bound up in the lives of the powerful triumvirate—Weed, Seward and Greeley! The lives of two have been to a certain extent revealed to us; but that of the third can only be surmised. His last letter, detailing the Queen's love for the United States at the time of the Mason and Slidell seizure, is a delicious contribution to contemporary history, the more so because the time had only just arrived when it could be given to the world. It might not be good policy, but it would be a subject of almost universal thought, if Thurlow Weed, Caleb Cushing and Charles O'Connor would unite in publishing the state political secrets of the last half-century. As one of the shrewdest political managers of late years, as the acknowledged leader of the old Whig and the Republican Parties, and as the confidential adviser of successive administrations, he who became these from a North River cabin-boy is admirably qualified to enlighten and entertain the reading public of two hemispheres.

MILK TITJENS is a native of Hamburg, and is now about forty-one years of age. She made her first appearance in 1849, on the operatic stage in her native city. Her London engagement, at the Drury Lane, brings her £10,000 annually; and, besides this, she makes a handsome sum singing at concerts. She lives in luxurious style, with her mother and family, in a villa at St. John's Wood. Her style of acting is said to resemble that of Jannaschek.





THE SECOND INTERCOLLEGIATE REGATTA AT SARATOGA LAKE

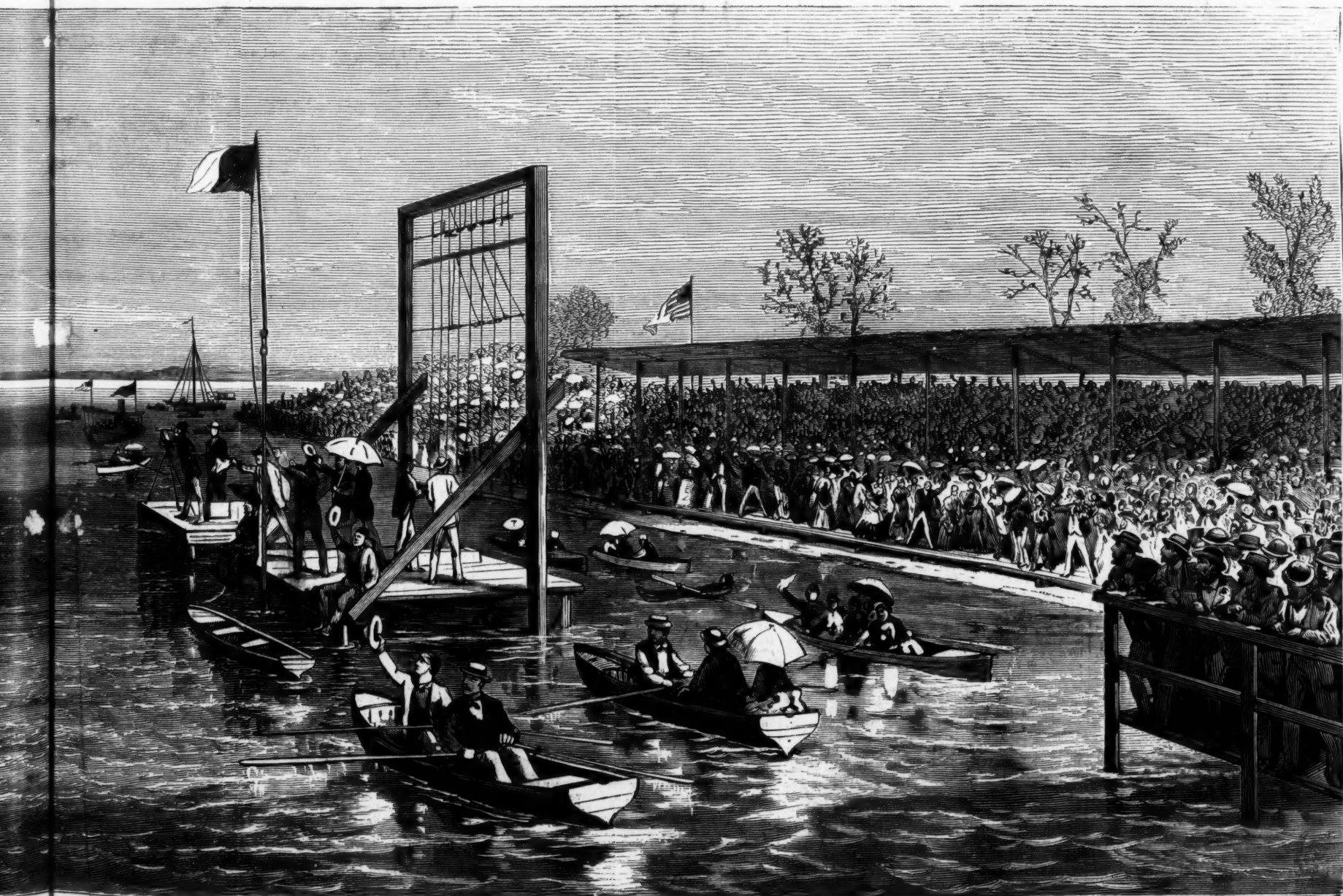


THE SECOND INTERCOLLEGIATE REGATTA AT SARATOGA LAKE.—THE UNIVERSITY





ATOGA LAKE.—THE UNIVERSITY RACE, JULY 14TH—THE START.



THE UNIVERSITY RACE, JULY 14TH—THE FINISH.—SKETCHED BY HARRY OGDEN.—SEE PAGE 360.



## GONE AWAY.

I know a quiet country town,  
By which a river falls and flows;  
And in the dell and on the down,  
The yellow sunlight glints and glows.

I know a square gray house of stone,  
I never think of but I sigh,  
Beyond whose garden, smoothly mown,  
The rushing engines shriek and fly.

I know a chosen chamber there,  
A fairy figure used to grace;  
I know an eastern window, where  
Was wont to watch a fairy face.

I thread the narrow winding street,  
I linger in the lonely lane,  
Which once were trod by fairy feet,  
That will not tread their path again.

I love that quiet country town;  
It is to me a sacred place;  
And as I wander up and down,  
Those vanished steps I seem to trace.

And still the hours serenely pass,  
And still the busy river flows;  
And still among the shining grass  
The yellow sunlight glints and glows.

And there the house is, square and gray,  
And there the new-mown meadows lie  
She used to gaze on day by day,  
In faith, and dreamy reverie.

Yes, all is there—except the face.  
That little window gazes forlorn;  
And on me, as I haunt the place,  
The morning sunshine smiles in scorn.

## Redeemed by Love.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DORA THORNE," "THE MYSTERY OF THE HOLLY TREE," "THE SHADOW OF A SIN," ETC.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

"DOES Miss Darrell ever show any signs of disappointment?" inquired Lady Hampton one day of Miss Hastings.

Miss Hastings, although she noticed a hundred faults in the girl which she would fain have corrected, had nevertheless a true, strong, and warm affection for her pupil; she was not one, therefore, to play into the enemy's hand; and, when Lady Darrell fixed her eyes upon her, full of eagerness and brightened by curiosity, Miss Hastings quietly resolved not to gratify her.

"Disappointed about what?" she asked. "I do not understand you, Lady Hampton."

"About the property," explained Lady Hampton, impatiently. "She made so very sure of it. I shall never forget her insolent confidence. Do tell me, is she not greatly annoyed and disappointed?"

"Not in any way you mean, Lady Hampton. She has never spoken of such a thing."

Her ladyship felt piqued; she would have preferred to hear that Pauline did feel her loss, and was grieving over it. In that case she would have been kind to her, would have relented; but the reflection that her pride was still unbending annoyed her, and she mentally resolved to try if she could not force the girl into some expression of her feelings. It was not an amiable resolve, but Lady Hampton was not naturally an amiable woman.

Fortune favored her. That very day, as she was leaving the Court, she saw Pauline standing listlessly by the lake-side feeding the graceful white swans. She went up to her with a malicious smile, only half-veiled by her pretended friendly greeting.

"How do you do, Miss Darrell? You are looking very melancholy. There is nothing the matter, I hope?"

For any one to attempt to humiliate Pauline was simply to waste time; the girl's natural character was so dignified that all attempts of the kind fell through, or told most upon her assailants. She answered Lady Hampton with quiet politeness, her dark eyes hardly resting for a moment upon her.

"You do not seem to find much occupation for your leisure hours," continued Lady Hampton. "You are making the rounds of the grounds, I suppose? They are very beautiful. I am afraid you feel keenly how much my niece has deprived you of."

It was not a lady-like speech; but Lady Hampton felt irresistibly impelled to make it—the proud, defiant, beautiful face provoked her. Pauline merely smiled; she had self-control that would have done honor to one much older and more experienced.

"Your niece has deprived me of nothing, Lady Hampton," she returned, with a curl of the lip, for which the elder lady could have shaken her. "I possess one great advantage of which no one living can deprive me—that is, the Darrell blood runs in my veins."

And, with a bow, she walked away, leaving her ladyship more angry than she would have cared to own. So Pauline met all her enemies. Whatever she might suffer, they should not triumph over her. Even Sir Oswald felt himself compelled to yield to her an admiration that he had never given before.

He was walking one evening on the terrace. The western sunbeams lingering on the grand old building, brightened it into beauty. Flowers, trees and shrubs were in all their fullest loveliness. Presently Sir Oswald, leaning over the balustrade of the terrace, saw Pauline sketching in the grounds below. He went to her, and looked over her shoulder. She was just completing a sketch of the great western tower of the Court; and he was struck with the vivid beams of the drawing.

"You love Darrell Court, Pauline?" he said, gently.

She raised her face to his for a minute—the feud between them was forgotten. She only remembered that he was a Darrell, and she his nearest of kin.

"I do love it, uncle," she said, "as pilgrims love their favorite shrine. It is the home of beauty, of romance, the cradle of heroes—every stone is consecrated by a legend. Love is a weak word for what I feel."

He looked at the glowing face, and for a few moments a doubt assailed him as to whether he had done right in depriving this true Darrell of her inheritance.

"But, Pauline," he said, slowly, "you would never have—"

She sprang from her seat with a quickness that almost startled him. She had forgotten all that had happened; but now it all returned to her with a bitter pang that could not be controlled.

"Hush, Sir Oswald!" she cried, interrupting him. "It is too late for us to talk about Darrell Court now. Pray do not misunderstand—I was only expressing my belief."

She bent down to take up her drawing materials. "I do not misunderstand you, child," he said, sadly. "You love it because it is the home of a race you love, and not for its mere worth in money." Her dark eyes seemed to flash with fire, the glorious face had never softened so before.

"You speak truly," she said; "that is exactly what I mean."

Then she went away, liking Sir Oswald better than she ever liked him in her life before. He looked after her half sadly.

"A glorious girl," he said to himself; "a true Darrell! I hope I have not made a mistake."

Lady Darrell made no complaint to her husband of Pauline—the girl gave her no tangible cause of complaint. She could not complain to Sir Oswald that Pauline's eyes always rested on her with a scornful glance, half humorous, half mocking. She could not complain of that strange power Miss Darrell exercised of making her always "feel so small." She would gladly have made friends with Miss Darrell—she had no idea of keeping up any species of warfare—but Pauline resisted all her advances.

Lady Darrell had a strange kind of half-fear which made her ever anxious to conciliate. She remarked to herself how firm and steadfast Pauline was; there was no weakness, no cowardice in her character; she was strong, self-reliant; and, discerning that, Lady Darrell asked herself often, "What will Pauline's vengeance be?"

The question puzzled her far more than she would have cared to own. What shape would her vengeance assume? What could she do to avoid it? When would it overtake her?

Then she would laugh at herself. What was there to fear in the wildly uttered dramatic threats of a helpless girl? Could she take her husband from her? No—it was not in any human power to do that. Could she take her wealth, title, position from her? No again—that did not seem to be in her power. Lady Darrell would try to laugh, but one look at the beautiful, proud face, with its dark proud eyes and arm lips, would bring the coward fear back again.

She tried her best to conciliate her. She was always putting little pleasures, little amusements, in her way, of which Pauline never availed herself. She was always urging Sir Oswald to make her some present or grant her some indulgence. She never interfered with her; even when suggestions from her would have been useful, she never made them; she was mistress of the house, but she allowed the utmost freedom and liberty to this girl, who never thanked her, and who never asked her for a single favor.

Sir Oswald admired this grace and sweetness in his wife more than he had ever admired anything else. Certainly, contrasted with Pauline's blunt, abrupt frankness, these pretty, bland, suave ways shone to advantage. He saw that his wife did her best to conciliate the girl, that she was always kind and gracious to her. He also saw that Pauline never responded—that nothing could move her from that proud defiant attitude she had from the first assumed.

He said to himself that he could only hope; in time things must alter, his wife's kind caressing ways must win Pauline over, and then they would be good friends.

So he comforted himself, and the edge of a dark precipice was for a time covered with flowers.

The Autumn and Winter passed away; springtide opened fair and beautiful, and Miss Hastings watched her pupil with daily increasing anxiety. Pauline never spoke of her disappointment; she bore herself as though it had never happened, her pride never once giving way; but for all that the governess saw that her whole character and disposition was becoming warped. She watched Pauline in fear. If circumstances had been propitious to her, if Sir Oswald would have trusted her, would have had more patience with her, would have waited the result of a little more knowledge and experience, she would have developed into a noble and magnificent woman, she would have been one of the grandest Darrells that ever reigned at the old Court. But Sir Oswald had not trusted her, he had not been willing to await the result of patient training, he had been impetuous and hasty, and, though Pauline was too proud to own it, the disappointment preyed upon her until it completely changed her. It was all the deeper and more concentrated because she made no sign.

This girl, noble of soul, grand of nature, sensitive, proud and impulsive, gave her whole life to one idea—her disappointment and the vengeance due to it; the very grandeur of her virtues helped to intensify her faults, the very strength of her character seemed to deepen and darken the idea over which she brooded incessantly by night and by day.

(Continued.)

## SARATOGA.

## THE INTERCOLLEGIATE REGATTA.

[From our Special Correspondent.]

SARATOGA, July 14th.

BEFORE a letter can be written the telegraph will have proclaimed to the world the winners in the long-looked-for contest, which has attracted so many thousands to this favorite resort of cultivated and fashionable American society. But the telegraph cannot give many details, which are scarcely less interesting than the crowning result of the contest, and these details a letter may supply. Before entering into details, however, let me say a few words on matters in general.

The promptitude with which the races came off, as first advertised, at the very start, is due to the fact that the time chosen for them was morning; inasmuch as experience has shown that, during Summer, Lake Saratoga, previous to one o'clock in the afternoon, is generally as smooth as a mirror. And here permit me to say that the correspondents of the New York papers have, the last few weeks, indulged in a good deal of twaddle regarding the superior manner in which the regatta was to be managed this year over the last, as if forsooth the people of Saratoga and its hotel proprietors were last season to blame for the wind which, coming up on the lake, prevented the students from venturing in their paper shells. Had the wind been equally as boisterous yesterday as last Summer, the same postponement must have been inevitable. Hence, when a well-known correspondent last week stated that "the present umpire will have no more fooling this year, and that fortunately, on this occasion, the management will be in the hands of the Saratoga Rowing Association," he talks or writes simply *bosh*. The umpire last year could not control the wind—although many of the visitors seemed to be of that opinion. Hence, the answer of Colonel Ritchie, the Editor of the *Daily Saratogian*, to a carping acquaintance, was in point. "Yes," said the Colonel, "we want to keep you here as long as possible, and therefore we arranged to have a man go up on the bluff above Interlaken, with a big bellows, and blow the lake into a foam." This remark shows the absurdity of the entire thing. In one respect, however, there has been certainly an improvement, viz.:

The "Saratoga Rowing Association" have profited from the experience of last year, and have accordingly remedied many things which, had they not had this experience, it would, from the nature of the case, have been impossible for them to have done. Moreover, they have been very greatly aided by the Regatta Committee of Graduates, viz., J. E. Eustis, J. Coleman Drayton and C. H. Terry. The task of both, indeed, was no easy one; but that they unitedly succeeded will not be questioned by any one who has been on the ground.

## THE CONVENIENCE OF THE PUBLIC CONSULTED.

Not the least of the Saratoga Rowing Association's labors was to provide suitable and reasonable accommodations for the public to and from the lake. Last year they endeavored to accomplish the same thing, but with only partial results. This, in a large measure, however, was owing to the visitors themselves, who, when a load had been engaged by the livery-men at the regulation price of one dollar, literally besieged the carriages and drivers with offers of three and four dollars a head if they would carry them and disappoint the load already engaged. Profiting by the past, the committee obviated this, in a great measure, by providing an unusually large number of omnibuses, and giving out to the neighboring towns that any one could come into Saratoga and drive (provided he complied with the rules) without paying for a license. The result has been, that although in a few individual instances exorbitant rates were charged, yet, on the whole, the fares charged were very reasonable, and were so received, except by a few chronic grumblers, who never fail to act out their dispositions be the occasion never so enjoyable.

## TRANSPORTATION TO AND FROM THE LAKE.

And while on the subject of getting to and from the lake, it may be remarked that nothing perhaps has better shown on the part of the gentlemen having the matter in charge their successful efforts to gratify the public than the broad sidewalk, extending from the village to the Grand Stand. Last year thousands who were unable to obtain a conveyance were obliged literally to wade through pulverized silex a distance of four miles—choked also by the dust from the carriages and pedestrians. But now with this pathway of ten feet in width, and with the broad avenue one hundred feet across, lined in the middle and sides in many places with maples, and stretching as it does from the classical Doric structure over the Congress Spring to the gate of Mr. Frank Leslie's residence, the Saratogians may well exclaim "*Nous avons change tout cela*!" The result of these improvements was shown in the facility with which the immense multitude was transported to and from the race. A moderate estimate of the highest number at the lake on any day puts the crowd who rode at 20,000 people. Now allowing six persons to each vehicle, and it would require 3,333 carriages to accommodate the crowd. At the very closest figure, each with its horses will occupy two rods. This would allow 160 carriages to the mile. It is four miles to the lake, so that only 640—say 700—carriages could get into column at one time between the lake and Saratoga, or only about one-quarter of the number requisite to carry the entire 20,000 in from the lake. An army corps of 20,000 was not regarded as an easy body to move in our late war, even with all the facilities furnished by strict military system and discipline. To transport, therefore, 20,000 people four miles over a double road in four hours is certainly a most creditable feat.

## THE GRAND STAND.

Profiting also by the experience of last year, several important changes were made by the Rowing Association with reference to the race itself. Last year the "finish" was placed at the lower end of the lake, or, more properly speaking, at the beginning of Fish Creek, whereby the "finish" was by many yards narrower than at the start in the broad lake opposite Snake Hill. It was owing to this circumstance more, perhaps, than to any design, that Yale and Harvard "fouled"—for these rival crews being unfortunately placed next to each other, and converging closer and closer together as they approached the goal, an opportunity was afforded of their colliding, which otherwise would never (even with the bitterest animosity) have taken place. This year, however, to guard against any such casualty, the starting-point was removed half a mile further up the lake, beyond Snake Hill and abreast of the hotel at the White Sulphur Spring. This change, accordingly (the distance to be rowed being the same), brought the "finish" opposite Ramsdell's Point—half a mile above Interlaken. The Grand Stand was therefore, to meet this change, erected on that point, three miles from the starting-point, whence the progress of the boats, without the aid of a glass, could be followed foot by foot as they approached the end of the course.

Another great improvement on last year was the fact that during the races of the past two days the track was kept *entirely* clear. Last Summer, owing to a defective water-pole, any one who could hire a boat did so, and, in defiance of the polite requests of the spectators, rowed to and fro in the line of the contestants' boats—in one case, a boat with a couple of "sports" racing with the crews—to the no small confusion of the judges themselves. During the present races, however, all of these inconveniences were entirely obviated; and, for the first time since Lake Saratoga has been chosen as the course, the track was *perfectly* clear.

At an early hour on the 13th the Grand Stand and the banks of the lake were lined on both sides with crowds of anxious spectators.

## THE SINGLE-SCULL RACE A FAILURE.

The programme for the first day was two races—the first, a single-scull race, between Yale and Harvard; and the second, the regular Freshman race. The first, owing to the Yale man's misunderstanding of the time set, failed to come off with both contestants—consequently Harvard appeared on the ground promptly, and, at the signal, rowed leisurely down the course. This failure on the part of Yale, when the ancient and bitter rivalry between the two Universities is considered, and when the "fouling" between them last year is also recollected, is peculiarly unfortunate—since it cannot help but give rise to unpleasant suspicions. Some attributed it to the wish of Captain Cook to reserve his man fresh for the University race; but, be this as it may, it was, as I have said, most unfortunate.

## THE FRESHMAN RACE.

The crews participating were as follows:

CORNELL.	Class.	Age.	Height.	Weight.
J. Lewis	'78	19 years	5 ft. 9 in.	155 lbs.
H. J. Carpenter	'78	21 years	5 ft. 10½ in.	168 lbs.
A. W. Smith	'78	18 years	5 ft. 1 in.	168 lbs.
V. De L. Gravo	'78	19 years	5 ft. 10 in.	160 lbs.
J. L. Camp	'78	19 years	5 ft. 10 in.	160 lbs.
L. Palmer	'78	19 years	5 ft. 6 in.	134 lbs.

BROWN.	Class.	Age.	Height.	Weight.
J. B. Parrott	'78	21 years	6 ft. ....	162 lbs.
G. Goodwin	'78	18 years	5 ft. 9½ in.	135 lbs.
F. T. Whitman	'78	24 years	5 ft. 9½ in.	164 lbs.
A. N. Fairbank	'78	23 years	5 ft. 11½ in.	168 lbs.
R. Case	'78	21 years	5 ft. 11 in.	164 lbs.
I. O. Winslow	'78	19 years	5 ft. 10 in.	166 lbs.

## PRINCETON.

H. S. Stevenson	'78	19 years	5 ft. 7¾ in.	161 lbs.
R. F. Karge	'78	19 years	5 ft. 9½ in.	168 lbs.
E. I. Van Lennep	'78	19 years	5 ft. 9½ in.	166 lbs.
I. M. MacFarland	'78	19 years	5 ft. 7¾ in.	165 lbs.
I. H. Hess	'78	19 years	5 ft. 8 in.	163 lbs.
J. C. Thurston	'78	18 years	5 ft. 6 in.	135 lbs.

## HARVARD.

A. F. Loring	'78	18 years	5 ft. 9 in.	150 lbs.
L. N. Littauer	'78	16 years	5 ft. 8 in.	147 lbs.
P. V. R. Ely	'78	19 years	5 ft. 10 in.	167 lbs.
W. M. LeMoine	'78	20 years	5 ft. 7¾ in.	160 lbs.
W. Bancroft	'78	20 years	5 ft. 10½ in.	159 lbs.
A. W. Morgan	'78	20 years	5 ft. 11 in.	153 lbs.

The positions were as follows, numbering from west to east, Cornell being nearest the Grand Stand: Cornell, one; Brown, two; Princeton, three; Harvard, four. The course was buoyed out into thirteen lanes for the University race, and the Freshmen rowed in the four lanes nearest the Grand Stand. The crews rowed stripped to the waist, with handkerchiefs on their heads, and trunks of the college colors, viz.: Cornell, red and white; Brown, brown; Princeton, orange and black; Harvard, crimson.

At twelve precisely the crews started. At the first half-mile Brown was ahead; the first mile, Cornell, first; Harvard, second; Brown, third; Princeton, fourth; second mile, Harvard, first; Cornell, second; third mile repeats the first mile; and at the "finish" Cornell, by a magnificent spurt, passed the magic line and had won in the fairest and most beautiful manner possible. Harvard came in second by about half a length, Brown followed third, and Princeton last.

The elements seemed most auspicious—as if, indeed, they had conspired to aid the contestants to their utmost extent. Boreas evidently had made a special effort to be good-natured, and thus make up for his churlishness of last year. The water was stirred by merely a gentle ripple, and so remained until an hour after the race, when a boisterous rain and wind-storm set in, and continued at greater or less intervals during the entire afternoon.

## THE UNIVERSITY RACE.

SARATOGA, July 15th.

Yesterday morning opened bright and beautiful—the race of the Freshmen the day before having served as a piquant sauce to stimulate the appetite for the second and chief course of the entertainment. Fully twelve thousand people were on the Grand Stand alone, and if the multitudes on the surrounding shores are taken into consideration, no less than twenty-five thousand persons were present. Indeed, the appearance of the spectators on the Grand Stand and on the sloping banks and surrounding groves was exceedingly picturesque. The fair sex, of whom there was a large proportion interspersed among the throng, and wearing the different colors of the several college crews, added not a little to the liveliness of the scene. The southern end of the Grand Stand was the place particularly reserved for the collegians here assembled, and their friends. Running a portion of the length of this stand, at an interval of some twenty feet, the banners, or rather pennons, of the several colleges represented, were displayed to the breeze, after the tournaments of "ye olden time," when knights, in the presence of fair ladies, contended for the victory. The effect of this grouping, moreover, was not a little singular. Here appeared, under one banner, a mass of "Brown"; next, one of "Orange"; here the "Blue," and again "Crimson," and so on, through all the various colors. Beneath the canopy were seated together Vice-President Wilson, Ex-Governor Hoffman, and Peter Cooper, all chatting with each other in the coziest manner possible. Cyrus W. Field was also near by.

Meanwhile, the crowds around the Grand Stand, while awaiting the signal of the start, were amused in various ways. A man, dressed in the Paul Boyton armor, paddled around in the water, smoking a cigar. Two Cornell Freshmen, in a pair-oared shell, created considerable diversion by their rapid gliding over the surface of the water. George Englehardt was closely watched to see how artistically he feathered his oar. Numerous rowboats, decked out in the different college colors, darted hither and thither; while gliding to and fro, and sitting on the water as gracefully as a swan, was the newly-launched yacht, the *Frank Leslie*, in which were seated Mr. and Mrs. Leslie and invited guests.

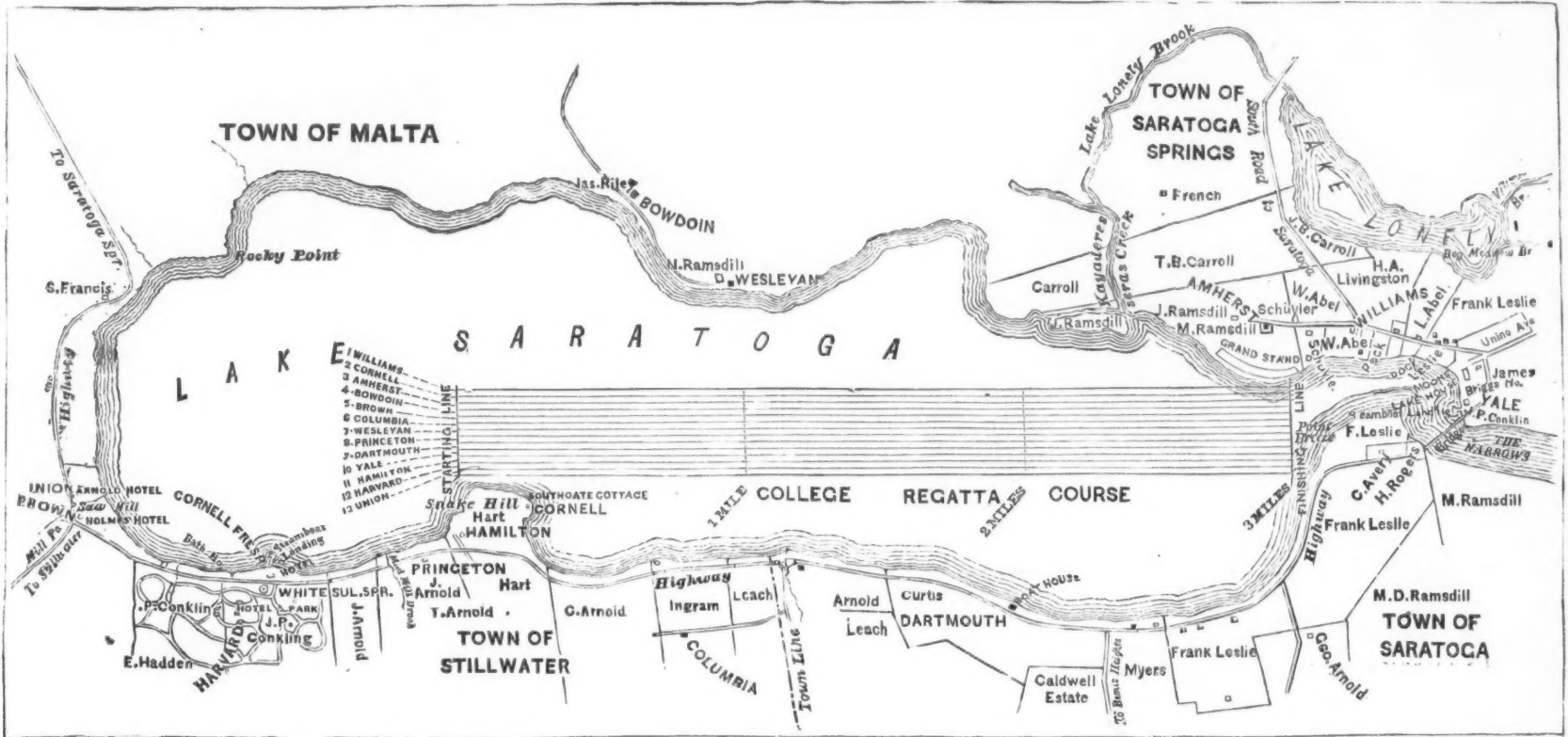
## THE START.

The sight of the thirteen crews, lying with poised oars on the blue waters, their sharp prows pointing down the lake, was a beautiful one. Before them was a perfect course, every crew possessing undisputed title to one hundred feet of clear water, stretching out into a lane three miles long. No crooks or curves, no shallows or snags, as in the Connecticut course at Springfield. Possible victory lay before each one. There was Yale, the favorite, their white shirts and blue handkerchiefs conspicuous between the green of Dartmouth and the rose color of Hamilton, the crimson of Harvard next beyond toward Snake Hill, with doughty little Union on the extreme right flank. Right in the centre were to be seen the delicate lavender of Wesleyan, with Princeton's orange and Columbia's blue and white on either side. The big man in Wesleyan's crew was noticeable half a mile off; and Parnley, Princeton's athlete, was distinguishable above his fellows. So the big men of the race were in the middle of each boat, and in the centre of the race; although the heaviest crew—Harvard—was on the right of the line. On the left wing or division of the "fleet," were three white-shirted crews—Bowdoin, Amherst, and Williams. Brown was between Columbia and Bowdoin, and Ostrom's superb crew lay in the second course from the west side. We believe that thirteen finer crews never were seen together.

All being in readiness, and the spectators wrought up to the highest state of excited expectation, the Stars and Stripes, leaping to the top of the judges' stand, announced that they were off.

Looking diagonally across the starting line, we could not discern clearly how well the boats got away together. It looked, however, as if Cornell and Harvard were a little in advance. On the start Cornell pulled a stroke of 33 to the minute, increasing it in the second mile to 34. Harvard and Yale were pulling 33 and 34 each at the beginning. At the end of the first mile Harvard had a clear lead, Yale having fallen back to fifth or sixth place, and Cornell, Dartmouth, Columbia, Wesleyan and Princeton close up. Down the second mile Harvard still clung to her advantage, but Cornell had thrust her prow to the front, and before the last mile was begun, had passed the Harvards, those two boats leading the others by a couple of lengths. Several of the crews here began to spurt, and there was a general quickening of the oar-beats all along the line. But still Cornell, steering true and





LAKE SARATOGA.—THE COURSES OF THE CREWS AT THE INTERCOLLEGIATE REGATTA, JULY 14TH.

steady, held her own, and was not above a 34-stroke during the first half of the last mile. Yale lagged woefully, while Columbia, putting her whole soul into her work, pressed toward the front, Wesleyan and Dartmouth struggling very nearly even, and Harvard hanging close to Cornell. The stroke of both Harvard and Cornell was admirable, and both pulled with wonderful steadiness. The Wesleyans labored tremendously. Williams, Amherst and Bowdoin kept close together, while off to the right Hamilton and Union were vigorously carrying on a little regatta of their own, and not very far behind the rest either, Hamilton ahead of Union. As Columbia entered her last mile, she renewed her tactics of last year, throwing every pound of power into a sharp, nervous stroke, clean and well-finished, and closing the small gap between herself and Harvard in a few seconds, but failing in her splendid

## EFFORT TO OVERTAKE CORNELL.

who darted across the line, with but little to spare over Columbia, who passed a close second, Harvard following third, Dartmouth fourth, Wesleyan fifth, and Yale sixth, the rest very close to their sterns. The "English stroke" of Yale, to use a slang but expressive term, is evidently "played out."

When the winning crew neared the shore, the members were seized with avidity, and borne on the shoulders of admirers the entire length of the Grand Stand. As they passed by, cheers and shouts rolled along with them. Columbia's friends were hardly less demonstrative than they would have been had her colors crossed the finish ahead of all others. The lake shore was alive with New Yorkers, and if there's any one thing which a New Yorker prides himself on more than another, it is Columbia's crew.

## THE FINISH.

"As fine a race as ever was rowed!" was the exclamation of an old oarsman at my side, at the conclusion of the University race. The race was certainly superb in every particular; and the unlucky sunstroke which befell one of the Princeton crew at the first two miles, and placed her *hors du combat*, was the only event in which there was any alloy. All the crews displayed pluck and determination that approached the verge of passion; but the *esprit de corps* and the earnestness of all was simply glorious.

## THE SINGLE-SCULL RACE.

Unwilling to remain under the least breath of suspicion, Harvard and Yale determined to row the race that had failed to come off the previous day. This was accordingly done in the afternoon, three hours after the University Regatta. Many had returned to the village upon the conclusion of the first race, but enough lingered to fill the Grand Stand comfortably. No special effort was made by either oarsman until the last eighth of a mile was struck, when both showed some handsome pulling. Yale was largely represented on land, and the winner, Kennedy, of Yale, received loud huzzas as his passing the line. He touched the finish just as Weld left the preceding eighth line, and won the race in 14:21½. Weld's time was 14:50.

To sum up, never was there in every respect a more successful race; and one of the causes of this is undoubtedly to be found in the characters of the crews, as hinted at, in the remarks of the referee, made previous to the race, upon the subject of "fouling." In the course of his address, he said "that he presumed at the outset that, as he was addressing gentlemen, there would be no intentional 'fouling,' and should take it for granted that, if a boat got in the way of any other boat, it was accidental." In this connection, it may be stated that the system of "buoys" proved throughout completely successful, working, in every particular, most admirably. Indeed, too much praise cannot be awarded to the Saratoga Committee of Arrangements for the admirable planning and carrying out of the entire arrangement.

The time made by the several crews in the intercollegiate races is shown by the following table:

1871.	
Massachusetts Agri-cultural.....	17:47½
Harvard.....	18:30½
Brown.....	18:49½
1872.	
Amherst.....	16:32
Harvard.....	16:57
Massachusetts Agri-cultural.....	17:10
1873.	
Yale.....	16:50
Wesleyan.....	17:01
Harvard.....	17:11
Dartmouth.....	17:28½
Amherst.....	17:32
Columbia.....	17:58
Bowdoin.....	18:07½
Massachusetts Agri-cultural.....	18:10½
Cornell.....	18:24
Trinity.....	18:42
Williams.....	19:25½

## 1874.

(Not official.)

Columbia.....	16:42	Dartmouth.....	18:00
Wesleyan.....	16:50	Trinity.....	18:23
Harvard.....	16:54	Princeton.....	18:38
Williams.....	17:08	Yale's time not taken	
Cornell.....	17:31		

## 1875.

Cornell.....	16:53½	Yale.....	17:14½
Wesleyan.....	17:04½	Amherst.....	17:29½
Harvard.....	17:05½	Brown.....	17:33½
Dartmouth.....	17:10½	Williams.....	17:43½
Wesleyan.....	17:13½	Bowdoin.....	17:50½

The time of Union and Hamilton was not taken. Princeton withdrew.

## ON THE ROAD HOME.

We have read descriptions of the "Derby Day" in England, and accounts of the grand rout at an Oxford and Cambridge Regatta on the "Tems," but we doubt if either of these could furnish a more picturesque sight than was presented on Union Avenue for the two hours following the races. Along the entire length of the avenue flowed the human and equine stream. Every sort of conveyance, from the aristocratic four-in-hand to the farmer's wagon, with rough board seats improvised for the nonce, were in requisition; and in the procession rode representatives of pretty nearly every class under the general heading of the free American citizen, with their wives or their sisters or somebody else's sister. Every one was happy, while the gayly decorated dresses of the beautiful damsels, as they drove along singing the favorite college songs of their sweethearts, was inspiring in the highest degree.

## AFTER THE RACE

the village presented literally the appearance of an "army with banners." The students of Cornell, Columbia and Harvard—the latter two of whom, more especially, fraternized with each other—were assembled on the steps of the United States hotel, the Cornell and Columbia crews on their arrival from the lake. Meanwhile, while waiting, the students amused themselves by running foot-races down the principal street, and by Columbia shouting the "Rah!" "Rah!" "Rah!" of Harvard, and the latter the "C-O-L-U-M-B-I-A" of Columbia. Scarcely had the carriages containing the victorious crew arrived, when the occupants were snatched from their seats, placed upon the shoulders of their partisans, and, amid deafening cheers, carried up the steps and along the piazzas of the United States. About seven o'clock, with Lander's band at its head, a procession of students (about a quarter of a mile long and six abreast) was formed at the Grand Union, and the victors escorted through Broadway, which was lined with enthusiastic spectators of both sexes, in triumph to their hotel. The effect of this was heightened by the rich displays of the college colors festooned around the columns of the States, Union, and Congress, the different colleges, meanwhile, each in turn, shouting their particular battle-cries as they moved along. The United States flag (the colors of which, except the stars, are the same as those of Cornell) and the college banners were borne in the line. First came the victorious crews, carrying brooms, followed by Cornell students; then followed the representatives of Harvard, Yale and Princeton. Passing through the hotel, they entered the courtyard and made it ring with the college cheers repeated in succession, all joining in one chorus. The Yale boys shouted "Yale" and the Harvard's "rah-ed," as if the pipe of peace had been smoked and the hatchet buried. The "three cheers and a tiger," followed by the "fizz, boom, ah!" of Princeton was also a favorite cry, but all spelled "C-O-L-U-M-B-I-A" with a vim.

A grand ball for the crews at each of the three hotels, viz., the Grand Union, the Congress and the United States, and attended by a perfectly dazzling galaxy of beauty, and also by many of the most distinguished men of the land, formed a most fitting ending of the long-to-be-remembered Saratoga University Regatta of 1875.

## ATHLETIC SPORTS.

The interest of the public at Saratoga centred to-day on the foot and hurdle races, run by students from the different colleges. It being the third annual contest of this nature, the excitement among the friends of the contestants in the different games of strength, speed and endurance ran high. Particularly was this the case with the crowning event of the forenoon session—the seven miles undergraduates' walk.

The forenoon games began on the General Mitchell track, at 10 o'clock, in the presence of 10,000 spectators. All the conditions (as in the case of the boat-race), were most favorable. The

track was in fine order, the air balmy, and the sun's rays, by a slight haze, rendered not unpleasant. The one-mile run was contested by Cornell, Wesleyan, Williams and Amherst, Mr. C. H. Barber, of the latter college, winning the race in 4:44½. The one mile walk was won by W. A. Platt, of Williams, thus beating Cornell, Wesleyan, Princeton and Harvard. The honors, however, of the great undergraduates' walk of seven miles were borne away triumphantly by W. R. Taylor, of Harvard, the latter winning in 65:15. At its close the victor was caught upon the shoulders of Harvard's boys, and borne away in triumph. The following is his score: 1st mile, 7:57; 2d, 16:47½; 3d, 26:03; 4th, 35:41; 5th, 45:36; 6th, 55:21½; 7th, 65:15.

In the afternoon the crowd was even greater than in the morning. The first contest, the half-mile run, was won by David Trumbull, of Yale, in 2:06½. The one hundred yards' dash was also an exciting event in the day's programme. In this the Universities of Pennsylvania, Union, Williams, Cornell and Yale were all represented by noble specimens of athletes. At the sound of the pistol the boys all dashed forward at a headlong pace. Lindley, the son of a missionary in South Africa, and born in Natal, near the Cape of Good Hope, took the lead, but spraining his ankle, fell behind Pettu, who won the dash in 10½ seconds. This race was won in 1874 by Yale in 10½ seconds. The three-mile run, which came next, also presented features of interest as the three contestants stood on the line waiting for the word—like "grayhounds straining upon the leash." Goodwin (Columbia), the favorite, and Rodger (Wesleyan) nerved themselves and looked the perfect embodiment of strength, Morell (Amherst) meanwhile standing carelessly by swinging a small twig. The signal was given, and Goodwin, followed by Rodger sprang forward. Morell took a steady, rapid pace, which brought him in finally the winner in 17:07½. At the second victory for Amherst, its sons were overjoyed, and, seizing Morell, attempted to bear him off likewise; but he resolutely forbade the movement. The one hundred and twenty yards hurdle-race and the graduates' seven mile walk were the closing events of the day, and the end of the athletic sports. In the latter contest, J. E. Eustis (Wesleyan), the winner of the seven-mile race of 1874, was the first at the finish, having made the walk in the magnificent time of 69:49½, thus eclipsing his time in 1874 by 1:10½.

In the evening the prizes were presented to the victors in the parlors of the United States Hotel by ex-Governor Hoffman, who, in a highly felicitous speech, congratulated them on their prowess. The majority of the prizes consisted of handsomely wrought silver cups. There were also three splendid gold watches, which were given respectively to John E. Eustis, D. C. Morell and W. R. Taylor. At the close of these ceremonies the audience retired, and thus ended most successfully the athletic sports of 1875—a year long to be remembered in the annals of the Intercollegiate Association. W. L. S.

## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

In a contest such as the late intercollegiate regatta there are many heroes. All who enter the field do so with high hopes of success. All strive for the victory. Each crew puts forth its best efforts to win. The severe training, the abstinence mode of living, the subservience to the "coach," the hopes and speculations, the encouraging words of friends, women's smiles and men's approbation, are shared alike by all who enter for the race. They are all heroes; they all drink of the intoxicating bowl of anticipation and renown; they are written about in the newspapers, they are talked about in the club-rooms and hotels; they are remembered in their far-off Alma Maters; they are subjects of interest to staid old gentlemen, who look lovingly and hopefully to them as representatives of the dear old walls in which they both have a common heritage as the home of their youthful studies; they are praised and prayed for by fond parents, and thought of and dreamed of by fair women, who pin the colors of their favorite crew on their breasts, with longings and hopes for the success of the boat that carries their ideal of manliness and honor. But though many enter for the race, but few can win the laurel crown of victory, and to the victors belong the spoils. When the hard-fought contest is over, the shouts go up for the few who have won the prize. To the friends who have anxiously watched every flash of the oars and ripple of the tide are added thousands of enthusiasts eager to do honor to the champions, and even from generous rivals comes the outstretched hand of congratulation.

Cornell has just reason to feel proud of its success in the recent regatta, and we take great pleasure in publishing the portraits of its champion crew.

## The Cornell crew was constituted as follows:

	Age.	Height.	Wt.
Row—John Sayles Waterman, '77.	21	5.07	150
M. A., Cumberland Hill, R. I., '77.	21	5.08½	155
No. 2—Daniel Otis Barto, '77, L., Jacksonville, N. Y.	23	5.08½	155
No. 3—Albert Rufus Gillis, '75, M. A., Kinsman, O.	24	5.10	160
No. 4—James Lorenzo Jarvis, S. S., Canastota, N. Y.	24	5.10½	160
No. 5—Charles Cyrus King, '75, A., Belmont, N. Y.	27	5.10	165
Stroke and Captain—John Nelson Ostrom, '75, E., East Randolph, N. Y.	24	5.10	165
Average—Age, 22.23; height, 5.09.23; weight, 159; chest, 37.5-6; biceps, 13.5-6.			

They used a paper racing shell built by Waters & Son, Troy, N. Y. Length 50 feet; width, 21 inches; depth amidships, 8¼ inches; weight, 150 pounds; Donohue's sweeps, 12 feet 3 inches, weighing about 42 pounds. Colors, carmelian and white.

C. C. King and J. W. Ostrom rowed last year, the former rowing stroke and the latter bow.

Our illustrations of the start and finish of the great race are from accurate sketches, and give a correct idea of the locality and incidents described by our special correspondent.

We also present pictures of the prizes contended for in the regatta and in the athletic sports.

Our other illustrations give views of some of the incidents connected with the race. Many of them are scenes on the beautiful lake, which has been the central point of attraction for the past week. Dotted along its shores were the headquarters of the various college crews, and here, in their quiet sylvan retreats, the young athletes prepared for the contest. They lived apart from the world, but not the world forgetting or by the world forgotten. They were great objects of interest, and crowds visited the lake to watch the crews at their practice, and enterprising photographers were on hand with their cameras to obtain pictures of the men and scenes.

The map on this page shows the lake and the course. The starting-point was half a mile further south than last year. The course was fully three miles long. It was marked out with flags of the different college colors into thirteen lanes, each 100 feet wide. The flags were placed one-eighth of a mile apart the length of the course, the half-mile flags being numbered so that the crews, as well as the spectators, could ascertain the progress made. This arrangement was made to prevent a repetition of the fouling which occurred last year.

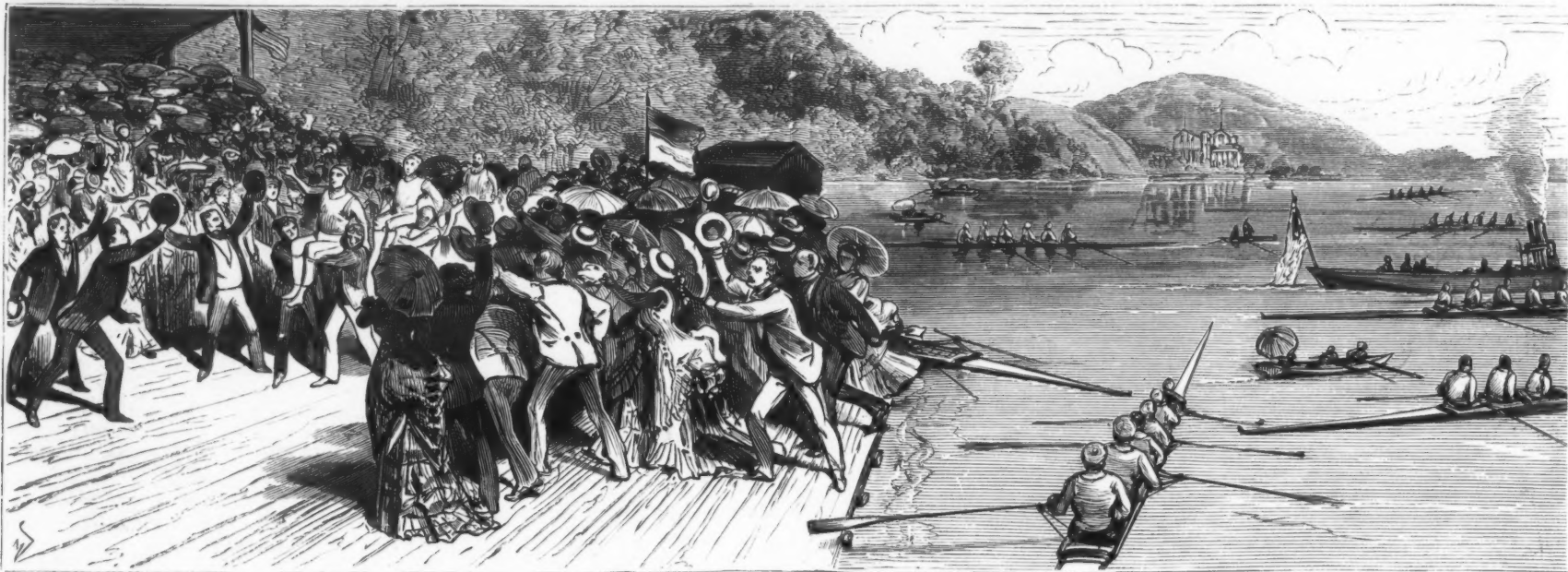
## SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE JOURNAL DES CONNAISSANCES MEDICALES states that the French horticulturists have followed the examples of the English ones, and peopled their gardens with toads. These reptiles are determined enemies of all kinds of snails and slugs, which, it is known, can in a single night destroy a vast quantity of lettuce, carrots, asparagus, etc. In Paris toads are sold at the rate of fifty cents per dozen. The dealers in the uninviting merchandise keep it in large tubs, into which they plunge their bare hands and arms, and without any fear of the poisonous bite to which they are supposed to expose themselves. Toads are also kept in vineyards, where they devour during the night millions of insects that escape the pursuit of nocturnal birds.

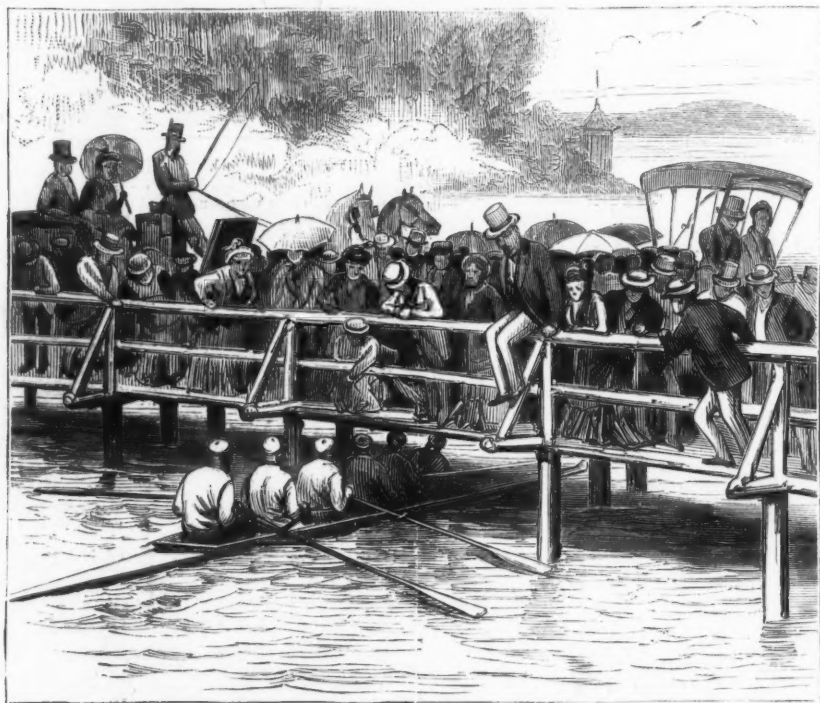
DR. CARPENTER placed before the Royal Society a short while back a new meteorological instrument constructed for him by Messrs. Negretti and Zambra. This instrument enables the true temperature of the sea at any given depth to be ascertained. Up to the present time there has been no certainty, by sinking the thermometer in submarine soundings, of an exact determination of the temperature at the actual depth, because the registering instrument was subject to the influence of the layers of waters through which it passed both in descending and in ascending. The new thermometer avoids this uncertainty. A clock-work movement analogous to that of an alarm allows it to be used on either land or in a balloon, at any hour of the night or day, regulated in advance by the alarm.

A FRENCH CHEMIST is said to have succeeded in preparing a mineral compound, which is said to be superior to hydraulic lime for uniting stone and resisting the action of water. It becomes as hard as stone, is unchangeable by the air, and is proof against the action of acids. It is made by mixing together 10 lbs sulphur and 42 lbs pulverized stoneware and glass; this mixture is exposed to a gentle heat, which melts the sulphur, and then the mass is stirred until it becomes thoroughly homogeneous, when it is run into molds and allowed to cool. It melts at about 248° Fahr., and may be re-employed without loss of any of its qualities, whenever it is desirable to change the form of an apparatus, by melting it in a gentle heat, and operating as with asphalt. At 230° Fahr. it becomes as hard as stone, and preserves its solidity in boiling water.

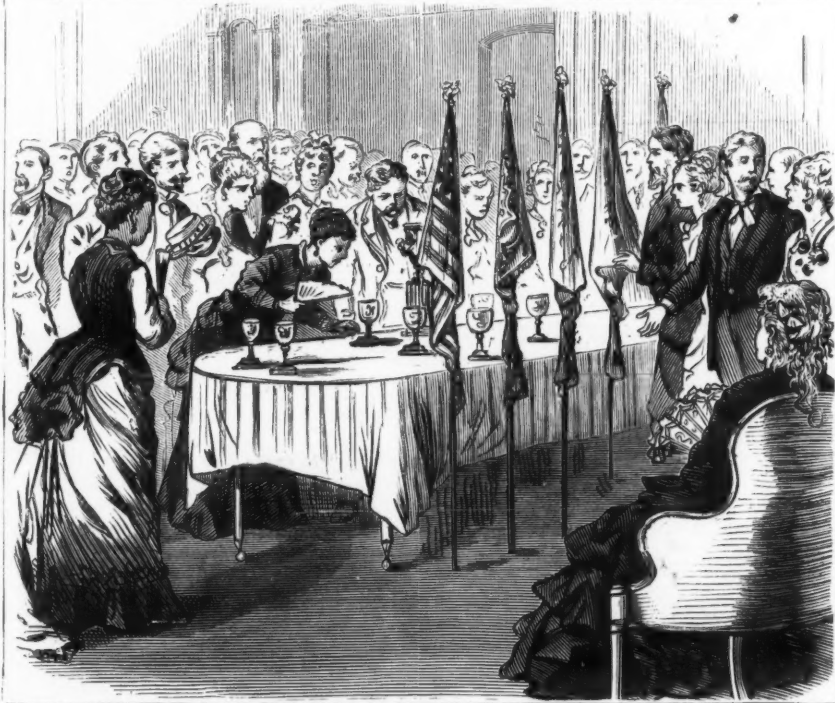




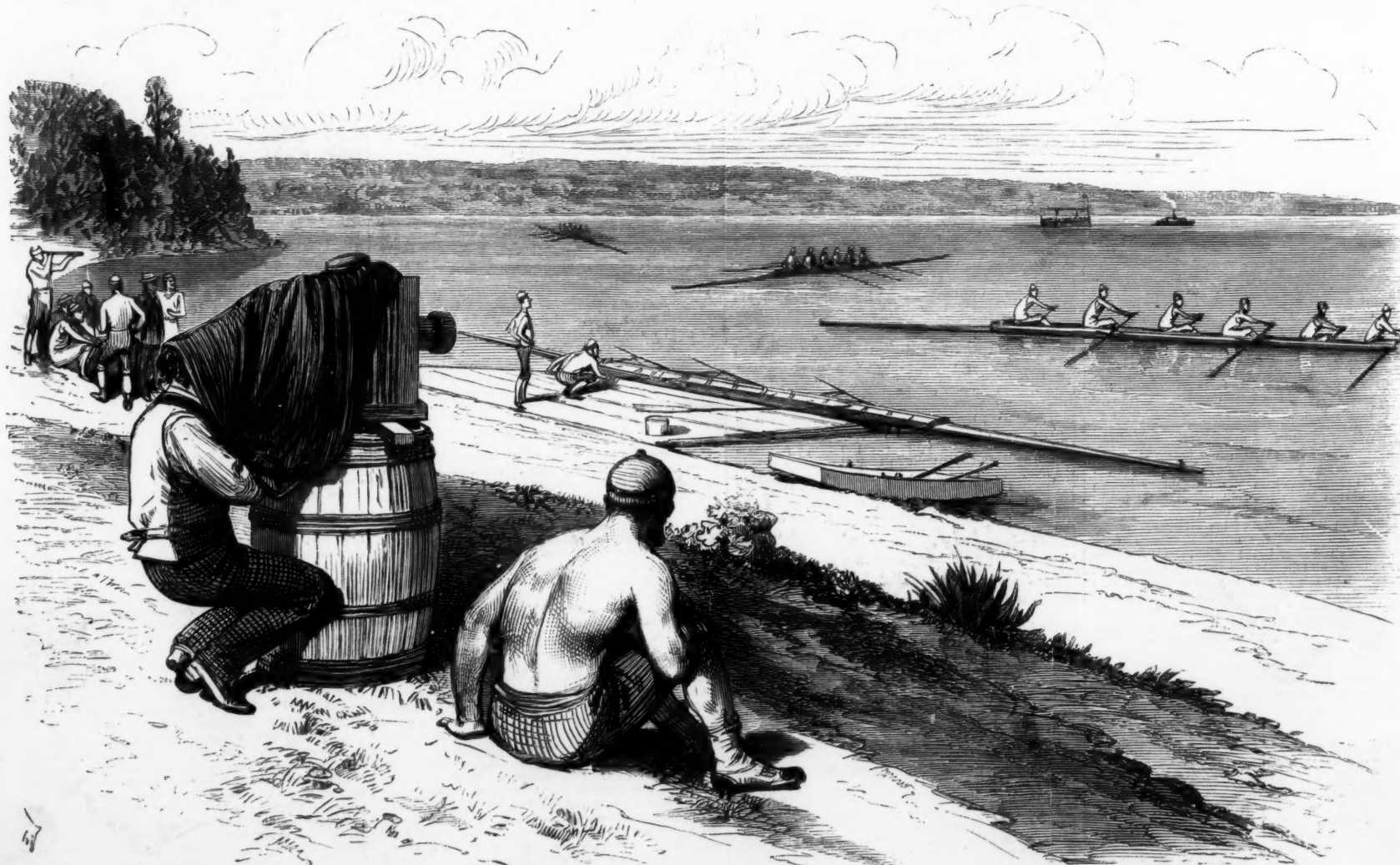
THE VICTORIOUS CORNELL CREW CARRIED ON THE SHOULDERS OF THEIR FELLOW-COLLEGIANS PAST THE GRAND STAND.



VISITORS TO THE LAKE WATCHING A CREW "SHOOTING" THE BRIDGE.



VIEWING, IN THE PARLOR OF THE "CONGRESS," THE CUPS AND FLAGS PRESENTED BY THE SARATOGA ROWING ASSOCIATION.



ON THE SHORE OF THE LAKE—PHOTOGRAPHING THE CREWS.

THE INTERCOLLEGIATE REGATTA AT SARATOGA—SCENES AND INCIDENTS.—SEE PAGE 366.





GLEN CUP (QUARTER-MILE RUN).



ONE-MILE RUN.



HALF-MILE RUN.



WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS CUP (100-YARD DASH).



MARVIN HOUSE CUP (THREE-MILE WALK).

## SILENT ROMANCE OF A LONDON STREET.

NORFOLK STREET, Strand, has a curious commemorative monument. An observant spectator will notice that the first-floor windows of a



ONE-MILE WALK.



THE UNIVERSITY CUP (SIX OF THESE).



THE FRESHMAN'S CUP (SIX OF THESE).



100-YARD HURDLE.

large house at the corner of Howard Street present a peculiar appearance. The shutters are up, and they are covered thickly with dust, whilst through the chinks can be seen the blinds, also thick with dust, and moldering away with age. Those shutters and blinds have been in exactly the same position, untouched, for about fifty years. During that time no human foot, it is believed, has entered that room, and the reason is this: Fifty years ago a certain nobleman was engaged to be married. The day was fixed, the wedding morning arrived, the breakfast was laid out in that spacious and handsome room, the bridegroom was ready to proceed to church, when it was discovered that the bride was missing. A note in her handwriting was found addressed to the bridegroom, briefly informing him that she had eloped that morning with his

"best man," a gay and gallant captain of dragoons. The jilted bridegroom did not say much, but he went alone to the room in which the wedding-breakfast was laid out, with his own hands put up the shutters and drew the blinds, locked the door and took the key. He gave orders that the door should be nailed up and barred with padlock bars, and that no one should enter the room again. When the house was let, it was stipulated that the room in question should remain untouched, and a sum of £200 per annum was paid to the tenant to compensate him for the deprivation of the use of the room. The nobleman has been dead some

years, but it is believed the room has never been entered since the day he closed it, and there are the "wedding-meats" moldering silently away, and the ornaments crumbling into dust in the funereal gloom.

## THE PARTHENON AT ATHENS.

A CORRESPONDENT of the London *Athenaeum* writes: "Those interested in ancient historical relics will be sorry to learn that the Parthenon at Athens is being shockingly wrecked and ruined.

bent double under the weight of the architrave, and relic-hunters seem to be especially fond of chipping this portion of the masonry. Not a fortnight ago a tourist knocked off the finger of one of the finest statues, as he wished to add to his private collection of curiosities at New York. The Greeks have determined to protect the building as much as possible, and to store up in a safe place the most interesting and valuable of the fragments of sculpture which lie all over the place, exposed to rude winds, and men more savage still than they. They have almost completed a museum at the back of the Acropolis, but the work has come to a stand-still for lack of money. This fact has only to become known amongst artists and art-lovers in this country, and doubtless immediate steps will be taken to preserve that noblest remnant of Greece in her glory—the Parthenon."



"THE CUNARD."—A NEW STOVE FOR HARD OR SOFT COAL OR WOOD, WITH A PERFECTLY VENTILATED OVEN AND AN IMPROVED HOT WATER RESERVOIR, MANUFACTURED BY FERRY & CO., ALBANY, NEW YORK CITY AND CHICAGO.—SEE PAGE 370.



## LET THE PEOPLE SPEAK.

MANHATTAN, KAN.,

R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.:

Dear Sir—Your Favorite Prescription has done my wife a world of good. She has taken nearly two bottles and has felt better the past two weeks than at any time in the past two years. No more periodical pains; none of that aching back or dragging sensation in her stomach she has been accustomed to for several years. I have so much confidence in it that I would be perfectly willing to warrant to certain customers of ours who would be glad to get hold of relief at any expense. I have tried many Patent Medicines, but never had any occasion to extol one before.

Very truly, yours,

GEO. B. WHITING.

Mrs. E. R. DALY, Metropolis, Ill., writes:

"Dr. R. V. Pierce—My sister is using the Favorite Prescription with great benefit."

MARY ANN FRISBIE, Lehman, Pa., writes:

"Dr. R. V. Pierce—What I have taken of your medicine has been of more benefit to me than all others and hundreds of doctors' bills."

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is sold by dealers in medicines generally.

## THE CUNARD,

For Hard or Soft Coal or Wood, with a Perfectly Ventilated Oven, and an Improved Hot Water Reservoir.

This beautiful Cooking Stove, the newest pattern upon the market, combines every desirable quality. In its pleasing proportions and outside ornamentation it stands unrivaled. In the perfection of the castings and the elegance of finish, with the plated knobs and polished edges, every eye must find pleasure. Its capacious oven, ventilated by currents of hot air passing through it, will delight the heart of every housekeeper. By this arrangement perfectly uniform baking is secured as well upon the slide as upon the base. The roasting of meats in this oven is equal to that done before an open fire; we guarantee this to be so. In the construction of the hot water reservoir of this stove we have applied a new principle, which cannot fail to command the greatest popularity. We have an elegant new Range, about completed, which will be known as

## THE BELMONT.

This Range will embody the Ventilated Oven and the New Reservoir, and, it is predicted, will eclipse all former efforts in the line of ranges. Please ask your dealer to send for samples.

PERRY &amp; CO.,

Albany, New York City, and Chicago.

AS THE "CONSTANT WINDOW VENTILATOR" is extensively introduced in our establishment, and gives general and entire satisfaction, we call attention to the advertisement in another column, with an earnestness commensurate with our appreciation of its merits and utility. The ventilator is perfect in construction and noiseless in action, removing the air that has lost its vitalizing qualities, and supplying a pure atmosphere, not in a harsh current, but so diffused, that even in cold weather it cannot unpleasantly assail the most sensitive nervous organization.

Use Fish's Effervescent Saratoga Aperient. Sold by Druggists.

Actual Experience has demonstrated that Fish's EFFERVESCENT SARATOGA APERIENT is fully as efficacious as the natural waters of Saratoga themselves. Sold by Druggists at 50c. and \$1. Send for circular.

## A. T. STEWART &amp; CO.'S SARATOGA ESTABLISHMENT.

One of the most noted events of the season at this most renowned Spa is the opening of an elegant bazaar by Messrs. A. T. Stewart & Co., in the north wing of the Grand Union Hotel, at the intersection of Broadway and Washington Streets. All of the goods have been selected at such foreign marts as afford a guarantee of their superiority, and as they adorn the shelves, grace the show-cases, or embellish the display-windows, present a *coup d'œil* of rich and fashionable wear. Here the Saratoga belle can improve her wardrobe by the addition of appliances at once modish and tasteful in the line of stylish outfits or *bijouterie*, while the more staid and matronly can augment their trousseaux by reasonable purchases of staple articles. The Perfumery Department is stocked with the most exquisite manufactures, celebrated in the history of the toilet, and in variety and quality are of a character to challenge competition.

One would suppose that the introduction of such goods into this market would necessarily and materially enhance their valuation; but Messrs. A. T. Stewart & Co. have not only affixed to every article the identical figures that rule in New York, but in some of the most expensive goods they have even marked them down at lower prices, and this liberal concession, to judge from the extent of patronage already bestowed, has surely been accepted as an evidence of the enterprise which first invites and subsequently commands support.

A fashionable resort like Saratoga has long needed just such an emporium. Messrs. A. T. Stewart & Co. have supplied the desideratum, and it now only remains with visitors to cater to their fancies and administer to their wants at this fountain-head of *recherche* goods, to testify their appreciation of that spirit of energy which seeks to gratify others while developing its own power and influence.

A Splendid Breakfast can be relished by those who are fortunate enough to stop on the arrival of the Albany Evening Boats at the "Delavan House," at Albany. The reputation of these Breakfasts, however, is world-wide, and only confirms the claims of the Le-lands to supremacy in the line of hotel-keeping. The "Delavan" at Albany is only equaled by the "Clarendon" at Saratoga Springs, which, as a resort of the first families of the country, is a bijou of a place, and necessarily a nucleus of respectability and fashion.

Summer is the True Season to test Sapolio. It brightens, freshens, cleanses everything; imparts a smart polish to silver and plated-ware, and eradicates dirt and grease from wood as from metals.

Hathorn Spring.—The splendid properties of this most remarkable water have been ably and elaborately discussed in an article in the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal of the 10th of June, 1875, by Dr. S. A. Fisk, former President of the Massachusetts Medical Society. The same appears in our columns to-day, and cannot fail to arrest the attention of our readers, and especially those who suffer from ailments, effectually cured by the salutary virtues of this spring. Owned by Hon. H. H. Hathorn, Congressman from the Twentieth District of this State, and within the area of the beautiful grounds, principally covered by Congress Hall, of which he is one of the proprietors, the spring enhances the value and attractions of the "Hall" as the same lends additional interest to the famous mineral water resort.

Saratoga Why is destined to supersede, sooner or later, the artificial imitation, and rank with the celebrated French water. See advertisement in another column, and send at once for supplies or descriptions of its splendid properties, as therein indicated.

The Big Bonanza.—50 Side-splitting Pictures, 1 Magic Whistle, 1 Pack Magic Cards, The Matrimonial Programme, 1 Pack Transparent Visiting Cards, 1 Pack Raymond Cards, 1 Vanishing Carte de Visite. The lot in 1 Package all for only 25 cents. W. L. CRAWFORD, 65 Nassau Street, New York City

## A Double Danger Averted.

The inhabitant of a malarious region is threatened by a double danger. He is not only compelled to breathe miasma, but to swallow it, since it infects not only the atmosphere, but the water. The aerial poison threatens his system through the lungs and pores, the liquid through the stomach. Against this double peril there is but one protection, and that is to invigorate the entire body through the digestive and secretory organs. Ordinary tonics usually fail to accomplish this—Hostetter's Stomach Bitters never. In the tropics, where the diseases originated by malaria are of a far more malignant type than those originated by the same cause in the temperate zone, it enjoys immense and constantly increasing sales, and there is no portion of this continent where it is not the reigning specific for miasmatic fevers and disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels, proceeding from the malaria and other causes.

ON

## Hathorn Spring MINERAL WATER,

OF

Saratoga, N. Y.

BY

S. A. FISK, M.D.,

OF

NORTHAMPTON.

From the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal, June 10th, 1875.

MINERAL waters are probably the most notable of all the remedial agents which have been used by man from a very early period; their curative powers have not only inspired his faith but have also retained it to a considerable extent, and this, too, notwithstanding the medical profession of late years has seemed largely to overlook the real merits of these therapeutic agents.

While I have for many years regarded the waters of Saratoga Springs as an agreeable beverage and a pleasant evacuant, I have, in common with very many, if not with a large majority, of the medical profession, looked upon those springs rather as a resort of the gay votaries of pleasure and fashion than of those seeking benefit from medicinal waters. Such is undoubtedly the fact to a considerable degree; and to this is probably due the belief that whatever of renewed health and vigor may follow a visit to this renowned place is to be ascribed rather to the pure and stimulating air, to a relaxation and relief from the engrossments of business, to a temporary change of habits of life, and to the varied and pleasurable excitements attendant upon a sojourn in the midst of scenes so diverting, than to the real remedial qualities of the mineral springs.

Admitting that these influences have a happy and beneficial effect upon the overworked, still there is a large class of invalids who resort there, not to be active participants in gay scenes, but to drink the waters, and who do find them healthgiving, and possessed of positive curative value. In such cases the invigorated health and renovated spirits cannot be ascribed simply to a change of air or to the relaxation which the social attractions and amusements of the place afford; for without the use of the water these results do not so surely follow, neither do they follow in so marked a degree.

Three years ago I visited Saratoga Springs with a different object in view and in a different condition than ever before; I went then as a seeker after health, and became an exceedingly interested and critical observer and investigator. For many months prior to that time I had become the subject of persistent insomnia. Sleep would visit my eyelids but for a brief period at a time; from thirty to sixty minutes was its average duration, to be succeeded by long intervals of wakefulness.

Accompanying this vigilance was the still more distressing malady of vertigo, from which I suffered often, and which at times confined me to my bed from two to eight days, then wearing gradually off, to be speedily followed by another attack, quite as disabling and prostrating as severe sickness. A few hours of mental exertion, mental anxiety, or any fatigue that lowered the standard of my health at that time, was sufficient to produce an attack of vertigo in its severer forms.

My stomach sympathized in the general derangement, and was not, as might be supposed, a primary cause of the mischief. Anything and everything that I ate caused distress. The action of the heart was feeble, and a very decided dropy of my legs now showed itself and became exceedingly troublesome, the oedema increasing persistently.

Moderate physical exercise overcame me. A ride of six or eight miles exhausted me, and with this there was not the slightest emaciation. I was the victim of great nervous prostration: a diagnosis which was confirmed by a number of my professional brethren, who after most thorough investigation were unable to discover organic disease. Having failed to get relief from remedies suggested from the pharmacopoeia, I resorted in this condition to Saratoga Springs, not as before, for relaxation and enjoyment, but for the purpose of drinking the waters for their medicinal and remedial effects.

These waters, in the nomenclature of mineral springs, are known as alkaline-saline waters. Being highly charged with carbonic acid gas, they take up and hold in solution the alkaline carbonates and chloride of sodium principally; though some of the springs, in addition to these, hold carbonate of iron, carbonate of

lithia, iodide of sodium, and other salts more or less in solution. The large amount of carbonic acid gas contained in these waters not only increases the solvent powers of that menstruum, enabling it to take up and hold in solution a favorable combination of ingredients, but renders them very easy of digestion, and to most persons very agreeable to the taste.

Here, in these waters, but more especially in that from the Hathorn Spring, I found a remedy that seemed to meet the indications in my own case. These indications evidently were to put the digestive organs into healthy action, to unload the plethoric visceral vessels, to stimulate the emunctories, and to so break up and change the acid and other secretions of the stomach, that food might be digested and assimilated readily.

The Hathorn Spring, which was accidentally discovered in 1863, and which is already taking a leading place for its prompt and certain therapeutic properties, contained the combination of chemical agents that were indicated in the condition I was in at the time. In taste and general character this water resembles that of the celebrated Congress Spring; it is stronger, however, in some of its constituents, more prompt and certain in its action, and contains also a bicarbonate of lithia, which renders its diuretic properties of great value.

The following is the

## ANALYSIS OF THE HATHORN SPRING.

Chloride of sodium.....	509.963 grains.
Chloride of potassium.....	9.597 "
Bromide of sodium.....	1.534 "
Iodide of sodium.....	.198 "
Fluoride of calcium.....	a trace.
Bicarbonate of lithia.....	11.447 "
Bicarbonate of soda.....	4.288 "
Bicarbonate of magnesia.....	176.463 "
Bicarbonate of lime.....	170.646 "
Bicarbonate of strontia.....	a trace.
Bicarbonate of baryta.....	1.737 "
Bicarbonate of iron.....	1.128 "
Phosphate of soda.....	.006 "
Biborate of soda.....	a trace.
Alumina.....	.131 "
Silica.....	1.260 "
Organic matter.....	a trace.
Total solid contents.....	888.403
Carbonic acid gas in 1 gallon, 375.747 inches.	
Density, 1.009.	

It will be observed that the quantity of salt contained in this water, excepting the chloride of sodium, is comparatively small. Its therapeutic action, however, when taken in the usual quantity, is much greater than the small amount of the salts would produce if combined artificially. In its remote action it is, like other mineral waters, a powerful alternative when taken in moderate quantities, for a considerable time.

When an explanation of these facts is asked for, we can only quote in reply that calm and careful investigation and most brilliant practitioner of our day, the lamented Trousseau, who, writing of the peculiar therapeutic effect of mineral waters, says: "Whatever may be said of them, mineral waters are not simple medicaments; whatever may be the predominant mineralizing agent as demonstrated by analysis, it acts not alone. Nature, in combining with the more or less notable elements which chemistry may isolate other exceedingly variable ingredients and principles which have not yet been discovered, has done for this mineralized agent that which we seek to imitate each day in our prescriptions when we endeavor to reinforce or diminish the effects of a medicinal substance by associating others with it. In making due allowance for the particular phenomena which may result from the action of such or such elements which enter into the composition of a mineral water, we should not attribute to a single principle, however dominant it appears in the chemical analysis, all the properties of the water; and clinical experience alone can permit us to judge. This is so exceedingly true that dyspepsia allied to a grave cachectic state (I do not now speak of paludal cachexia) are admirably modified by very different waters; by those waters in which the mineralizing principle escapes, so to speak, chemical analysis. \* \* \* Plombières and Bagnères-de-Bigorre, in the particular disease which occupies us, in virtue of an action which escapes us and which I know not how to explain, triumph over rebellious dyspepsias. Under their salutary influence the appetite revives, the constitution is reorganized; patients affected with dropy, with visceral engorgement, arrive at Plombières or Bigorre in a deplorable state, and depart, after a single season, in a condition notably ameliorated, and are often cured in a manner altogether unexpected."

What Trousseau says of Plombières, I am able, from a personal experience to say of the Hathorn Spring water. Its therapeutic action is very prompt. When taken in the morning, it is agreeable to the taste, grateful to the stomach, and acts efficiently as an evacuant; and while it may, and in many cases does, induce full and copious dejections, they are not attended with pain; neither is languor nor debility experienced by the patient; but on the contrary, a feeling of refreshment and invigoration. The immediate effect upon the digestive organs, whether impaired by disease or exhausted from any cause, is to increase their powers of assimilation and nutrition, the appetite being increased at once. That oppression which is often felt, that sense of fullness which was termed "abdominal plethora" by the old authors, that condition, in short, in which the liver, spleen, and mesentery are usually filled with blood, slowly moving when hemorrhoids are troublesome, is quickly relieved by it. The abdominal circulation is increased and the engorgement of the blood-vessels is diminished with a gratifying sense of relief.

To those affected with what has been supposed to be an engorged condition of the liver, characterized by a dusky complexion, a coated tongue, a pasty, bad taste in the mouth, a capricious appetite and sluggish action of the bowels, with a sense of fullness in the head and of mental dullness, this water proves most valuable. It seems to liquify the bile, causing it to flow freely, and gives increased action to the intestinal canal.

When taken more frequently and in smaller quantities than the cathartic dose, its effect upon the kidneys is no less happy. Its action upon the renal secretions is prompt, uniform, and quite certain. A turbid, irritating urine is quickly cleared up by it; the ureters and bladder are soothed, and many cases of vesical catarrh are quite relieved by it.

In some of the cutaneous diseases, those more especially dependent upon an acid state of the secretions

these mineral waters are beneficial, both from their alkaline properties and from their depurative effects.

Such, in brief, are some of the therapeutic effects of the Hathorn Spring water, to the use of which I attribute the entire relief I have obtained from the uncomfortable symptoms detailed above. Sleep, quiet and refreshing, has returned to my pillow. The only consciousness I now have of a stomach, when it is kindly treated, is from its intimations of hunger; and the dropy, which was troublesome for so long a time, and which suggested serious reflections, has disappeared; strength and a comfortable amount of endurance have supplanted a feeling of languor and of debility. The dyspeptic symptoms and the dropy were speedily relieved by a short season at the springs; they returned, however, after a little time, but a continued use of the water for a few months brought about a permanent condition of health.

I have referred to my own case with so much of detail as it is illustrative of this subject, and because some of you are familiar with it, and to you I am under obligations for kind professional advice and assistance.

Hathorn water is sold by all first-class Druggists, Grocers and Hotels. For particulars, address H. H. HATHORN, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

The Elegant Cooking-stove known as the "Cunard," and manufactured by Messrs. Perry & Co., of Albany, N. Y., is illustrated in our columns to-day, and cannot fail to attract the special attention of our readers, as well as command their unqualified admiration. It is unquestionably among, if not the most beautiful stove ever offered the public, and combining as it does, among other striking and salient features, a PERFECTLY VENTILATED OVEN, must insure a universal sale. This firm has long been noted for the manufacture of work of the highest order, and hence it is easy to account for their ability to run, even in these times of stagnation and stringency, three extensive foundries. The "Cunard" is a masterpiece of mechanical ingenuity and skill, and will reflect, if possible, increased honor on Messrs. Perry & Co.

Marvin House, Saratoga Springs.—Attention is called to this admirable hostelry, which in addition to its claims to public patronage, is opened for the convenience of travelers all the year round.

The New United States Hotel at Saratoga presents, in its imposing proportions and elegant architecture, its claims to public patronage with so eloquent an effect, that any laudatory notice at our hands seems almost superfluous. Special attention, however, is called to the advertisement in our columns to-day, wherein its comforts, conveniences, and most enjoyable luxuries are simply, yet invitingly set forth.

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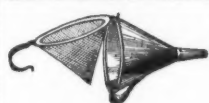
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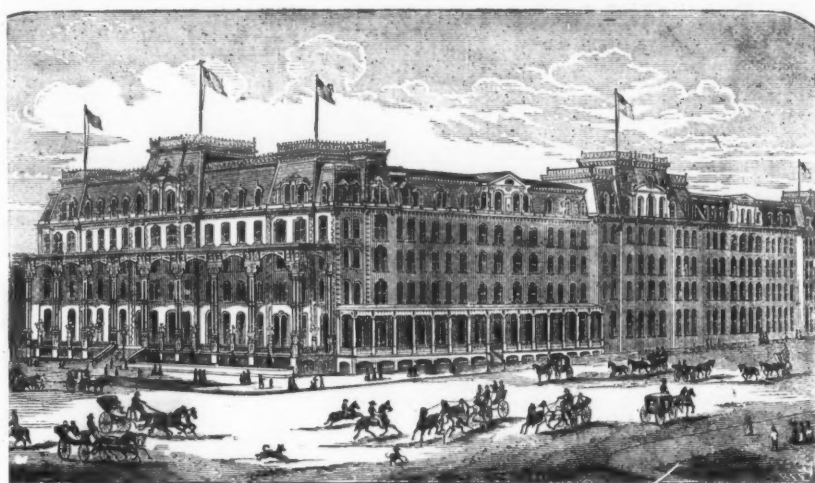
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